







[From a Photo specially taken for  
THE YOUNG MAN by  
MARTIN & SALLNOW, 416, Strand, W.C.]

Wishing my friends your readers.

all health and happiness,

I am

Yours very truly

William Sinclair.

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# THE YOUNG MAN

## A Monthly Journal and Review

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"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

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### REMINISCENCES OF DEAN STANLEY.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

A WORD of explanation: I notice a recurrent criticism on these papers dealing with celebrities. It is that I am constantly alluding to myself.

May I point out that I was asked by the Editors to give in each case my *personal* reminiscences. "*Men I have known*"—what I have known, and the fact that *I* have known and can speak at first hand—is what the Editors chiefly relied upon to give point to my memories of Garibaldi, Browning, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Morell Mackenzie, J. R. Green, Victor Hugo, Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and the rest.

Two bulky volumes have recently appeared about the late Dean of Westminster. They could not fail to be interesting; but how much more so they might have been, had the writers confined themselves less to Stanley's papers, books, and the recollections of a very restricted circle, and invited more freely outside letters and the recollections of a whole generation of young clergy who grew up ministerially under the delightful Dean in the Diocese of London—what time he was Bishop Tait's examining chaplain. This is the point of view from which I shall sketch the Dean, and I am afraid that I shall be more personal than ever.

No doubt Stanley's school and college life was full of brilliant episodes—and this is the best part of Dean Bradley and Mr. Prothero's joint production. The men, now old, who then were young, have retained vivid pictures of Stanley as he stood before the great Dr. Arnold—as he went up and up in the classroom, as he recited prize poem or essay, and received with modesty and delight the series

of ovations which proclaimed his popularity and success throughout his public school and University career. Ample material has been forthcoming for distinct and highly coloured pictures of Stanley on his travels in the East with the Prince of Wales, or on the Continent with Jowett. But I confess what I treasure up is that estimate of Stanley which I formed from my personal intercourse with him—never very intimate, but always very interesting and helpful—reaching over a span of years from 1860 to 1881.

The first I heard of Stanley was from an enthusiastic Oxford undergraduate, who lent me a sermon preached by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley before Oxford University, which had apparently made a stir. I read it at the time, but forget what it was all about—it made little impression on me—but my friend assured me that Stanley was a great power in Oxford, and had a vast undergraduate following as a preacher.

About 1861, Stanley having been appointed examining chaplain to A. C. Tait, Bishop of London, I wrote to him to inquire, as I was a candidate for ordination, whether a knowledge of those points on which the *Essays and Reviews* were at variance with the doctrines of the Church of England would be required of candidates. Stanley replied, briefly and characteristically, that he was not aware that there were any such points of variance. I think this curt and laconic answer did more than anything else to set me thinking, and direct my mind towards that comprehensive view of the national Church which Stanley did so much to foster.



I shall never forget the surprise with which I first came face to face with the much-talked-of Oxford don. Bishop Tait introduced me to him at Fulham. John Richard Green, whom I met then for the first time, and to whom I was soon to be so closely drawn, had already attracted the eloquent Christ Church Canon's attention. In his classroom, as Professor of History, Stanley had discerned in Green (then an Oxford undergraduate) those rare qualities which in a few years were destined to make him famous as the author of the *Short History of the English People*.

He got somehow, like Bishop Tait, to think of us together, and seldom spoke to me without alluding to Green, and *vice versa*. We had joint invitations to the Deanery—to his study lectures, to his breakfasts—and when Green and I had our own Churches, he in the east and I in the west, Stanley came and preached for me, amongst other reasons, because he had preached for Green.

We neither of us passed a good bishop's examination, but Stanley spoke well of both of us, and went out of his way to defend a phrase in my sermon before the Bishop of London, which the Bishop's chaplain had taken exception to.

I can see him now—that small, spare figure and almost femininely sensitive face, not without a certain severity on occasion, self-contained, dignified, and yet never at rest—always aglow with some new interest, and ready to break into sympathy, and expand, especially in congenial society, into an overflow of rare talk, anecdote, endless information, full of quick wit and kindly helpfulness; and as for taking trouble, Stanley never knew what the word meant. In this he resembled Maurice; he was never weary of men, always ready very willingly to spend himself and be spent for others. In his passion of sympathy and eager desire to help to the uttermost, and become all things to all men, he was quite the most Pauline teacher I ever met. "Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but that we are helpers of your joy," is a text which more completely than any other expresses Stanley's relation to all who came near him, especially the younger and more inquiring clergy of thirty years ago. He had a way which a little reminded me of the late Lord Lytton's curious mannerism, of coming up quickly to some one whom he meant to conciliate or explain himself to, and holding both their elbows in the palms of his hands, talking rapidly and earnestly all the time, in a manner quite irresistible.

How many bitter opponents, like Pusey, for instance, found it impossible to quarrel with the fascinating Dean.

No man was ever more devoid of affectation, no man posed less; there was never anything

in the least calculated or *consciously* dramatic about Stanley; he was rather careless of his appearance, was often unshaven and slovenly in dress. His walk resembled a little J.R. Green's rapid and certainly not very impressive shuffle, and why he wore his hat always on the back of his head I never could make out; but, like Dean Milman, with all these personal and characteristic disadvantages, the Dean of Westminster was usually—even when Archbishop Tait was in the room—the most dignified and striking personality present. There was only one man the unconscious majesty of whose presence and the spiritual and prophetic glow of whose countenance had power to draw my eyes away from the beloved Dean when I saw them together, and that was Frederick Denison Maurice.

Stanley's handwriting has become proverbial for illegibility; but I never had any difficulty in making it out. He was, however, occasionally unable to decipher it himself; and once when he preached at my church, every disaster that can befall a preacher of written sermons seemed to accumulate upon him. First he came to something like a standstill—he got his pages mixed. At last several leaves detached themselves, and floated down from the pulpit. The Dean waited patiently, with perfect dignity and composure, till they had been collected and restored to him. Later on he failed to decipher his own writing, and had "to try back" twice. He was very unequal as a preacher; but, as his biography reveals to me rather unexpectedly, extremely sensitive as to the effect produced by his sermons. I remember, however, that for some time he resisted Green's request to address an East End congregation—St. Philip's, Stepney. He distrusted his power of holding the great unwashed, and only came on the understanding that there should be a certain leaven of educated people present. For so versatile a genius, his mistrust of himself was as strange as it was unnecessary.

Although there was no one like the late Dean for occasional sermons, few knew the real anxiety and labour which some of these efforts cost him. When he was expected to preach the sermon at a great medical congress, an eminent doctor observed to him, "I hope, Mr. Dean, you remember that you have promised to address us at the congress." "Indeed," replied Stanley, "I can think of nothing else!"

But he was hardest put to it when he had to preach Dickens' funeral sermon. He said in despair to a friend of Charles Dickens: "If only I could read any of his works with any pleasure, or appreciate any of his jokes!" But he could not. Yet his sermon was pronounced a sympathetic masterpiece by those who could. Mr. Gladstone executed a similar feat when he pronounced his encomium on Beaconsfield.

I remember Stanley coming into St. James',



Westmoreland Street, whilst I was preaching one morning in the year 1873. His presence did not produce an exhilarating effect upon the preacher—quite the reverse; and when, shortly after this, he invited me to be a special preacher at Westminster Abbey, he did not allude to the sermon he had heard, but he wrote: "I should prefer you to preach a practical sermon, like one on the parable of the Sower, which you preached some Sunday evenings ago." I accordingly went down to Westminster Abbey on July 20th, 1873, armed with sermon notes on the Prodigal Son. It so happened that Wilberforce, the Bishop of Winchester, had been killed on Saturday night by a fall from his horse, but this was hardly in my thoughts as I entered the Deanery about 6.30. The Dean met me at the top of the stairs. His face was intensely sad, and even gloomy. "This is terrible," he said, "about the poor Bishop—terrible!" and his voice seemed almost choking with emotion. Now it was pretty well known that the Dean of Westminster had no great liking for Bishop Wilberforce.

"I suppose," I said, for the sake of saying something, "he will be very widely missed."

"Oh! I don't know about that," said the Dean, still in the same tone of deep feeling.

"But his influence was very widely diffused, was it not?"

"Why, no!" said Stanley, with unabated emotion. "Fortunately—in late days, at least—he had no influence. Very difficult character to understand, almost impossible to reconcile one part with another, most difficult person to judge; but his death is very terrible!" And so we entered the drawing-room.

The Dean was very silent and pre-occupied, and I was naturally thinking of my sermon, as I had nothing written down. Even then it did not occur to me to work Bishop Wilberforce into a sermon on the Prodigal Son.

The silence was next broken as we were walking in procession down the cloister into the Abbey. As I walked by the Dean's side, he said to me in the same voice, full of real feeling, just as we entered the densely crowded Abbey: "If you could say a few

words about the poor Bishop, I am sure we should all be much gratified to-night."

I had a bad quarter of an hour in my stall, but I happened to remember that Wilberforce had once been Dean of Westminster, and that saved me; so with a brief interpolation, somewhen, somehow, about the former Dean, and a risky allusion to the apostolic precept about being all things to all men, which, I said, Bishop Wilberforce had fully exemplified, I got out of the difficulty. *The Times*, July 21st, 1873, printed the passage next day.

Stanley himself, in public, was never at a loss, but often at a disadvantage.

When he first came up to London as Dean of Westminster, he was a very poor extempore speaker. He often looked in at our C.C.C. (Curate's Clerical Club) meetings, honoured at that time by F. D. Maurice, Dean Plumptre, Llewellyn Davies, Dean Alford, Principal Wace, J. R. Green, and many others. Alas! nearly "all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

The young clergy aired their opinions on all subjects theological at the C.C.C., and the older prophets delivered themselves on the platform of sympathy and equality and fraternity.

Stanley at that time was a very confused orator; his parentheses were bewildering, and, unlike Lord Brough-

ton, he did not always extricate himself from the mazes he wove.

But he became very dear to us all, and in his unconstrained conversation he was always most clear and luminous.

The C.C.C. was a reaction against the stiff and elderly solemnities and orthodoxies of the well-known St. James', Piccadilly, Clerical Conference. I have heard Stanley labour through a disjointed speech there in quite a painful manner. But he deliberately broke himself there to the art of public speaking. He would never be beaten, never sit down till he had got out his meaning by hook or by crook. He did not evade—he courted opportunities there and elsewhere of practising an art he did not naturally possess. until at last, after incessant discipline in the inane convocation discussions, he became one of the most formidable, and, in convocation,

*My dear Mr. Stanley,  
a long time, is my  
Wish a letter - 4th.  
with a letter a letter.  
from a  
A. P. H. H.  
I am much interested in your  
and of Mr. H. H. H.*

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM  
DEAN STANLEY TO MR. HAWES.



certainly one of the most crushing of polemical debaters.

Stanley had the sincerest admiration for Ernest Renan, coupled with the keenest sense of his defects; but the two men got on admirably well. I remember a dinner given to M. Renan, on which occasion I sat next but one to him, and the Dean of Westminster sat opposite. The great writers soon engaged in a warm interchange of anecdote and repartee, and the whole table listened with the utmost delight to the two most illustrious persons present, exhibiting the rare phenomenon of great wits, both at their ease and at their best in each other's society; but the piquancy lay in the fact that Renan could not speak or understand English, and the Dean had to converse in French. It was the most fearfully and wonderfully made French I ever listened to, a shocking accent, *vow savay cur jammy*, and so on; but the impetuous Dean was inconceivably voluble and ready, and, above all, the unscrupulous literal translation of English idioms into French, was courageous beyond praise; but somehow Renan understood it. The Dean's was the triumph of mind, not only over matter, but over grammar, idiom, everything; but the result was a sustained and extremely animated conversation, into which Renan cut in his own inimitable manner with the neatest epigram and the most courteous pleasantry.

Stanley's recognition of Renan was open and fearless. In the noses of the English clergy, Renan's *Vie de Jesus* was malodorous; but for that reason, perhaps, when he came to England, the Dean offered him the hospitality of the Abbey. It was enough for a man to be down for Stanley to be at his side. He supported impartially Voysey, Le Pere Hyacinthe, Pusey, Jowett, Colenso, or any one else whenever he thought they were unjustly attacked. He never exhibited the smallest approval of any attempts on my part to restate, or put into greater clearness, the Maurician theology, and I have reason to suppose that he disliked the line I adopted in *Thoughts for the Times*; but he remained my true friend and adviser to the end.

I do not think Stanley much liked any one to put into clearness any theological doctrine, and he seldom approved of any such statement, except when made by himself. The people whom Stanley really liked amongst the young clergy, with the one exception of Green, who had few theological and many historical points of contact with him, were not the men of more positive, but the men of less positive, minds than his own. As far as I know, Stanley never adopted or favoured the "advanced" ideas of younger men, although always ready to train them, and impart to them his own. He was a great helper to the receptive mind, but no

friend to any new doctrine or policy unless originated by himself.

I may be doing the dear and honoured Dean an injustice, but I do not think, although he quoted him with approval, that he was ever quite appreciative of F. W. Robertson. Robertson's theology was, in fact, *in advance* of Dean Stanley's. The Brighton preacher had a power of formulation and a sense of its need, neither of which belonged to the gifted Dean in anything like the same degree. I am quite aware that in saying this I am skating on thin ice, and I shall be very glad to be corrected in my estimate. The Dean was a great strategist, positively destructive, only negatively and indirectly constructive. But he always fought fair, and he was always on the side of freedom and breadth of sympathy.

When Colenso was under a ban, Dean Stanley invited him to preach in the Abbey. The Bishop of London had forbidden him the diocese, but Westminster Abbey was extra episcopal. Colenso declined; but Stanley's honourable temper comes out in a letter which he wrote to me, January 1st, 1875. I had written to ask him whether he thought I was justified in opposing the Bishop of London (then Bishop Jackson), who wished to prevent me from addressing the Sunday League Society, on Sunday night, in Mr. Moncreux Conway's chapel, Finsbury. Stanley recommended me to fight.

"My dear Haweis," wrote the Dean, "I quite appreciate your difficulty, and also the strength of your position; but as you ask my advice, I will give it briefly:—

"It seems to me that in the present state of things it is very desirable that the more liberal clergy should not do anything needlessly in opposition to the wishes of their Bishops.

"Had I been in the Diocese of London, I think (quite independently of the legal power of inhibition vested in the Bishop) that I should not have invited the Bishop of Natal in direct opposition to the Bishop of London's wishes. As it was, you will have observed that I went out of my way in a manner which was half inconsistent with the absolutely independent position which I hold, to deprecate the appearance of such a construction. And I had arranged, as the Bishop knew, that the invitation should be fixed at such a time as would not, but for the unexpected incident of Stopford Brooke's chapel, have come into collision even with an episcopal opinion of the Bishop of London.

"I should, therefore, if I were you, state the extreme inconvenience of submission to the Bishop's advice, the obvious danger to the Church of such interventions as exclude the outlying classes, which we wish to influence for good—occasioned by such an unfavourable exhibition of the Church's attitude; the free licence given to the High Church party to exhibit their modes of attraction by processions and the like on Sundays as well as week-days (such, at least, I presume to be the case), and then add that, reserving for yourself the power of future action, you, in your wish not to do anything that should appear disrespectful, nor which would involve your Bishop in fresh difficulties, accept his advice, though at the risk of offending and causing to



stumble a far larger number of weak brethren (those classes of whom I spoke before), than any that would be offended by your taking the step which the Bishop deprecates, etc. This is, of course, merely the substance of what I should suggest. If you want more advice, I will give it.—Yours faithfully, A. P. STANLEY."

I then wrote a long letter to the Bishop of London, contesting point by point the Bishop's position, but adding, that if his lordship persisted, I would do my best to provide a substitute.

Dr. Stanley read the letter, and said nothing could be better. The Bishop practically withdrew, and I went. From that time up to the day of his death my friendly relations with Bishop Jackson were never interrupted.

The Bishop, it is true, wrote a very unpleasantly-worded letter, which was published, in which he said that I had preferred my own opinion to his (which was perfectly true); but Stanley advised me, having won my point, to receive my rebuke in silence, and with all meekness, and so the matter ended. Never during Stanley's or the Bishop's life was it known that the Dean of Westminster had anything to do with this little Episcopal controversy. I doubt not the younger clergy have numbers of letters and many episodes as interesting as this, or more so. A great mine of wealth has been used up by the Dean's biographers; but I am persuaded that many other mines have been left entirely unworked. For instance—not one of Stanley's letters to me have been printed; only one of J. R. Green's letters to Stanley, and not one of Stanley's numerous letters to J. R. Green, which we used to read together in the old Bethnal Green and Stepney days, have seen the light.

Memories crowd upon me as I write—but I have almost reached the limits of my article—Stanley, as he appeared at Mrs. Vaughan's (his sister) Temple parties on Monday; Stanley, Vaughan, and Kingsley, all together; Stanley, Robert Browning, and Lord Shaftesbury, at Lord Mount Temple's in the old Curzon Street days; Stanley giving part of Vol. II. of his *Hebrew Church* at the Deanery to a few, only a few, disciples, Green and myself amongst them; Stanley on the lawn at Fulham and Lambeth, always the observed of all observers, with a smile for all, and a "divine tact" (the phrase is his own) which enabled him to say exactly the right thing to every one; and Lady Augusta too, with her gracious formula of "*tea in the next room*," at the Cosmopolitan

Deanery; but of that gracious lady, the Dean's very *alter ego*, I must not trust myself at the fag end of this paper to speak. At this moment there lies before me one of her last letters, in which she graciously writes that she has forgotten time in following the fortunes of my little "Pet" (the child heroine of my book, *Pastimes and Penalties*) to their sad close, and another pathetic letter from the poor Dean, who felt she was gliding away swiftly. "A slightly less suffering night, perhaps a more tranquil day, but no substantial change. I'll not say I despair, or that the end is near at hand, but recovery, unless some marvellous intervention takes place, is not to be thought of."

On December 18th, 1875, the Dean writes to me: "At present my dear sufferer is too weak to bear new experiments. . . . I deeply feel the kindness of those whom her great spirit has touched. . . . I can but live from day to day in the hope that some unexpected turn may, by some blessed providence, be vouchsafed.—Yours sincerely, A. P. STANLEY."

The "unexpected turn" never came, and with the death of Lady Augusta Stanley the light of the Dean's life went out. He was never the same man afterwards, and although he survived his wife several years, they were years of working for her memory, and waiting for reunion with her.

Dean Stanley died in 1881, a victim, very probably, to his own deficiency in the sense of smell. There can be no doubt the Deanery was in a most insanitary condition, but the Dean had no sense of smell, and felt no alarm. How far his researches and excavations amongst the graves and vaults of the Abbey, which is, of course, one vast charnel house, may have liberated mephitic vapours which acted on the lowered vitality of the Dean—never very regardful of his health, and, as Dr. Jowett used to say, "radically unsound on the commissariat"—it is impossible to say. It cannot be maintained that he died before his work was done. We might have had a few more eloquent and picturesque volumes. We should have had no advance in theology, no reformation, no harmony of science and occultism, and it is perhaps well that he never lived to feel the widening gap which had already begun between the simple historico-ethical Broad-Church school and the semi-scientific, semi-mystic, liberal theology of the near future.

We are poor judges of great and small. The little service which we can render may be all that is required to complete the circle of some greater work. That which is poorest in appearance may be most necessary. At least our duty

is plain—not to pretend to be what we are not, not to leave our place at will in search of another, not to measure ourselves by ourselves—but to offer to God just what we have and what we are.—BISHOP WESTCOTT.



## GLORIOUS GRINDELWALD.

My actual acquaintance with Grindelwald began about ten years ago, in a thunderstorm and drenching rain; my love for it at least five years earlier. I do not know how far my readers may share my enthusiasms, but for many years before I was able to go to Switzerland I had read every available book on Alpine mountaineering, and had the topography of the country by heart. Of course I knew where Grindelwald was. On Monday mornings, when I was tired out with the excitement of the Sunday, I used to fall upon my Swiss books, and in less time than it takes to write the words my imagination set me down in

climber can find peaks and passes worthy of his finest skill, and the man of less adventurous spirit can betake himself to several easily attainable heights, from which the view is scarcely less impressive than from the Wetterhorn itself. For those who do not care to climb at all there are pine-woods and pastures, and the easy walk over the Wengern, which so greatly impressed Byron more than half a century ago. When at last I did find myself really *en route* for Switzerland, my first goal was Grindelwald, and I entered it amid the splendours and discomforts of an Alpine thunderstorm.



THE WETTERHORN AND GLACIER SUPERIEUR AT GRINDELWALD.

Grindelwald. I knew all about the various ascents of the Wetterhorn and Jungfrau; the very name of the Schreckhorn (the Peak of Terror) fascinated me. I tried to imagine what it meant to crawl round the sloping shoulders of the Jungfrau, and what a man's feelings might be when he stood upon the last pinnacle of the virgin mountain. I went to Switzerland regularly once a week by the imaginative express, and always called at Grindelwald in going or returning; for there can be no doubt about it, that as a mountain centre it is still unsurpassed. It presents an infinite variety. The genuine

One's first view of Grindelwald is apt to be a little disappointing, especially in comparison with Lucerne. At Lucerne the glory of the lake fills the vision at a glance. You see in the moment of arrival precisely what you came to see. But Grindelwald needs discovery. It lies close under the immense buttresses of the Wetterhorn; and the great ice-pinnacles of the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Monk, and the Eiger make a glittering semicircle on its southern side. Grindelwald is not even a town (which for most people should add to its attractions), it is a picturesque collection of brown wooden *châlets*,



dotted up and down the greenest of pastures. The village itself is a single street. But one has not been in it five minutes before he knows that he is breathing at last the authentic mountain air. There is a sunny crispness and buoyancy in the atmosphere which exhilarate the most phlegmatic; it is sweet with the fragrance of the pastures, and the distant



GRINDELWALD AND THE WETTERHORN.

mountain-stream makes an endless music as it flows. As is common in Switzerland, the whole panorama is arranged on so vast a scale that the untrained eye is deceived, and fails to recognise the real distance of objects that seem close at hand. The glacier lies across the valley, and seems a fair ten minutes' walk; add an hour to the ten minutes, and you will be nearer the mark. The woods seem mere green coppices; they are in reality far-reaching pine-forests. The immense ice-wall, that glitters green and blue between the peaks, looks near enough for an afternoon excursion; it is impracticable even to the hardest climber. Gradually all this grows upon the mind; the eye becomes regulated to the vastness of the environment, till finally we recognise that Nature has nowhere been so prodigal of both beauty and magnificence as in this sunny upland valley of Grindelwald.

Now, if I were introducing my friends to Grindelwald, and wanted them to share my enthusiasm for it, I should begin with two or three excursions, the first of which would be the walk over the Wengern to Lauterbrunnen. There is a railway now-a-days; but the young and active will avoid it, and I shall presume that my comrade prefers walking to the dust and heat of a crowded train. We will start, if you please, at five o'clock in the morning. The world is then at its freshest, the air is cool and sweet with dew, the valley lies in shade, and only on the vast ice-peaks of the Monk and Eiger does the sun rest. Breakfast in a Swiss hotel is a movable feast: you can have it at one p.m. if you desire, for the Swiss waiter during the height of the season never sleeps. We will take no knapsacks: in theory a knapsack weighs nothing, but in reality it is a great nuisance on a hot day.

A sound Alpine-stock, and a light water-proof, tightly rolled in a strap, are all we need: but it won't rain to-day, for the wind is blowing in a long steady stream of air out of the north. For two hours and a half it is all uphill—a rough path winding through pastures, with an occasional coppice, and then the summit of the ridge, known as the



VIEW OF THE SCHRECKHORN.



Little Scheidegg, is reached. And now you see what Grindelwald really is. You look down into it, as into a green cup, and round the cup gather the giants of the Oberland, each peak bathed in sunlight, and streaked with faint purple in the glacier-hollows: the Wetterhorn a dazzling dome, the Eiger a gleaming spire, the Monk a monstrous shape, with a white cowl drawn down over the brows of black precipitous rock. But look the other side of the ridge—that is the Jungfrau. It is like a vast cloth of blinding whiteness stretched over half a dozen rounded hills, finally rising into one lovely pinnacle, half-dome and half-spire, the Silberhorn. You see the mountain here from base to summit. Far below at your feet is a black valley, into which the avalanches pour; and from the purplish-grey rocks that make its further wall the snows rise bastion behind bastion, like the outworks of a huge fort in which Winter sits entrenched. It was here Byron stood, and saw what you will see later in the day, when the sun has loosened the ice-walls,—the thin columns of what seems spray that rise out of some purple chasm, and then the roar of the avalanche, for that cloud of spray is thousands of tons of snow and ice shot down into the valley. This is Byron's picture of what he saw:—

The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,  
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,  
Heaped with the damned like pebbles.

And all the while, as you stand gazing, the sound of cattle-bells fills the morning air, and the sun grows hot, and far and near the mists rise, and leave a heaven of perfect sapphire, and a world where wooded heights and snowy turrets mingle in the loveliest confusion of beauty and magnificence. From the top of the ridge you descend for three hours to Lauterbrunnen, mostly through pine-woods; and if you care to use the railway, you can then ascend to Murren, where the view is even finer than from the Wengern, and still get back to Grindelwald in time for evening dinner.

The Little Scheidegg is on one side of Grindelwald, the Great Scheidegg on the other, and this again is a walk of exquisite beauty. Three hours' steady tramp takes you to the ridge of the Great Scheidegg, from which you descend by the Baths of Rosenlauri to Meiringen, and from this point you can catch the boat down Lake Brienz to Interlaken, and get back to Grindelwald the same night by rail. People do not talk so much of this walk as of the Wengern route; but it is equally fine, and is more varied. For one thing, just beyond Rosenlauri, you pass the Falls of Reichenbach, which are far and away the finest falls I know in Switzerland. I took this route the reverse way last year with Dr. Conan Doyle,

and thus became an unintentional accomplice to the murder of the lamented Sherlock Holmes, whose last struggle occurs in this place of horrible beauty. The decree had gone forth that Sherlock Holmes must die, and it is a tribute to Dr. Doyle's sense of artistic fitness that he finally selected this spot for the tragedy. The water pours over a curving precipice into a huge caldron, from whose black depth rises a cloud of vapour, through which the morning sun flashes innumerable rainbows. The eye vainly searches the abyss for any bottom; the depth seems infinite, and the thunder that rises from the boiling caldron is terrific. A narrow path winds along the edge of the abyss, from which the scene may be viewed in all its grandeur. Far below, as we leave the falls, lies Meiringen, like a collection of white dolls'-houses, carefully arranged upon a green cloth. The descent is steep, along a paved mule-track, and through woods. From Grindelwald to Meiringen is a good six to seven hours' walk, and there is not a point of it that is not beautiful. When I was at Grindelwald two years ago, a young lady of our party made the journey in the early morning, and having reached Meiringen about noon, suddenly recollected the lecture at night in Grindelwald, whereupon she turned and walked back again, making a walk of about fourteen hours, which was an excellent performance. The explanation of her energy is twofold: first, that in this eager mountain air it is possible to walk great distances without fatigue, which at home would be impossible; secondly, she was not a lazy male. We discovered last year at Lucerne that the women beat the men altogether in energy and endurance; and beside this, what man would have made a day of fourteen hours' hard pedestrianism to have been present at a lecture? I must, however, do justice to one enthusiastic youth of our last year's party, who, having walked up and down the Rigi on a very hot day, turned and looked at it when he got down to Weggis, and said, "I can't leave it. I must see that view once more," and straightway went up again!

Another excursion from Grindelwald, which is among the finest, is the ascent of the Faulhorn. The Faulhorn is a cone of broken schist, which, rising to a point above the surrounding ridge, makes it an admirable coign of vantage for a view that takes in the whole horizon. With an early start the steepest part of the climb is done before the sun grows hot, and the latter half of the route, which resembles a desolate Scotch glen, is easy walking. The view is among the finest in the Bernese Oberland. The lakes of Brienz, Thun, Lucerne, Zug, Morat, and Neuchatel lie at our feet, the two former close at hand, and looking like pieces of opaque bluish glass inlaid among the hills. All the great snow-mountains of the Ober-



land are in full view ; that is, if we arrive at the summit as we ought to do by ten o'clock, after which hour clouds are apt to rise. There is usually a quantity of snow lying in the hollow of the Faulhorn, which affords an excellent opportunity for glissading ; and far beneath you may see, like specks upon the more distant snowfield, the chamois trotting along in a sort of military order, or sliding, with feet drawn close together, down the almost perpendicular gullies.

It is a scene of lonely grandeur which is deeply impressive, and I have often wished that I could recapture that exquisite thrill of joy which I knew when I saw scenes like these for the first time. Even now I can scarcely get my first glimpse of the Alps from the railway, as I draw near Switzerland year by year, without tears. The passion for the mountains is with me a growing passion. To enter these vast temples of silence and magnificence year by year is a species of worship, and a new serenity possesses the heart in the dulllest days of labour, when we remember the exaltation of these mountain hours. From the physical point of view, I believe there is no holiday that approaches a Swiss holiday. The keen mountain air, the hard exertion, the early hours, the outdoor life, the pleasant comradeships, do more for a jaded man than months spent in lounging about a seaside parade could do. A well-known physician told me a little time ago that once, when he was terribly broken down with the nervous strain of his profession, he went to the Engadine for six weeks, and walked and climbed with such vigour that, as he put it, he believed he actually left the body he took with him behind him, and came back to England with a new body. What he meant was that he had renewed his entire physique by hard exertion, and had purged out of the body all the elements which were so much dead and stagnant matter, from which disease and death must speedily have been evolved. I can well believe this. In an almost literal sense, a man who uses a Swiss holiday rightly comes back to England a new man.

I have sketched only three of the easiest walks that Grindelwald can afford ; I should be quite within the mark if I said that there are a dozen others that might easily be enumerated.

It is not worth while being religious unless you are altogether religious. It won't do to be merely playing at religion, or having religion on us as a bit of veneer. It must saturate us. Some seek first the kingdom of God ; others put it in a second place. Then prayer meetings are dull, and fellowship gatherings are uninteresting. But the moment a man begins to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all

Grindelwald is pre-eminently a place to stay in. Since the railway has come, great numbers of people visit it for a day's excursion, and of course go away with no idea whatever of its charm. I met such a man last year. He arrived at two-thirty, and intended leaving at five-thirty. He wanted to see what he called the "glassea," and thought he could do it in the time. He wore kid gloves, and a beautifully fitting coat, for which eccentricity I readily forgave him, as he was on his honeymoon. But I do not so readily forgive him for thinking he could exhaust Grindelwald in three hours. This sort of man never sees the Alps. To really enter into the charm of Alpine scenery it is necessary to stay a week at least in some good centre, and see what is to be seen without the thought of a train at five-thirty to worry you. And for such a stay, there is no place better than Grindelwald. For those who love the ice-world, there is no safer and more beautiful glacier-excursion than the Eismeer ; for the man who wants to learn the art and craft of climbing, there are peaks of every degree close at hand, and guides who are famous throughout Switzerland ; for those who are limited in their powers of endurance, there are many short excursions within easy reach, and the most recuperative air in the world to breathe. I could name places, like the Riffel-Alp at Zermatt, where you are closer to the greatest mountains ; but I could name no place that is so central for all the varieties of Swiss scenery, and where so much that is beautiful is collected in so small a compass. A few years ago Grindelwald was almost the exclusive preserve of the Alpine Club. It was a spot known only to the favoured few. Nowaday co-operative travelling has done so much to reduce the expenses of the journey, that Switzerland can be visited as cheaply as Scotland, and Grindelwald is as familiar a name as Braemar. I rejoice that this is so. I do not like an unshared pleasure, and I have found so much joy in my Swiss holidays that I am possessed of the true propagandist spirit, and cannot be content till I have converted every one I know to my belief that a Swiss holiday is the best and finest of all holidays—especially a holiday at glorious Grindelwald.

W. J. DAWSON.

things are right. Any man who has not heartily thrown himself into the kingdom of God, but who is seeking secondly the kingdom of God, may be religious ; but there is something he loves more, and both worlds are spoiled to him. He has the cream neither of the one nor of the other. The great desideratum of the present day is not more Christians, but a better brand of them.—PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.



## A MORNING WITH MAX O'RELL.

So far as my experience goes, few successful authors are as interesting as their books. The candid friend of the Anglo-Saxon race whom every one knows as "Max O'Rell," is one of the exceptions. His life has had as much piquant variety as his literary style, and, like his fellow-humorists, Mark Twain and Jerome, in his time he has played many parts, for he was soldier, journalist, and tutor before he found his true vocation as writer and lecturer on the humorous aspects of human nature in general, and in English-speaking lands in particular. Max O'Rell has a good memory and a very observant eye, and accordingly his harsh experience of bloodshed in the Commune, his tribulations as French professor at St. Paul's School, and his early experiences of London as English correspondent for a Paris newspaper have all been of service in creating a temperament which, utterly free from cant, and at times almost brutally frank, is yet endowed with kindly feeling as well as bright wit, with geniality of manner as well as flow of persiflage.

I had not seen Max O'Rell for two years, and having given up his residence in St. James's Terrace, Regent's Park, before going abroad for his long lecturing tour, it was to a new house in Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, that he bade me come. But although his surroundings were different, Max O'Rell himself, when I was ushered into his study, seemed just the same as when I had last seen him in the pleasant drawing-room which faced Regent's Park, on the occasion of his farewell party. He had travelled his thousands of miles and given his five hundred lectures without turning a hair, and his robust health expressed itself in his hearty grasp of my hand.

"You see, I am getting used to travel by this time!" he exclaims. "When I first started

lecturing in the United Kingdom, I found the railway travelling very fatiguing, although the trains were faster than what I had been accustomed to in France. The only sort of travel which did not agree with me was on the wag-gons in Zululand. I should think it takes a long time to get used to that."

"How long is it, by the way, since you took to lecturing?"

"Nearly ten years now. This last was my third visit to America.

You know, I never supposed, even when I was preparing my books, that I should take to lecturing. At first I was rather timid about lecturing before English audiences. But everything went well till I reached a certain town in Scotland. There, at the close of my lecture, I made my usual apology for 'murdering the Queen's English.' Then up got a brawny Scot, who in all but incomprehensible dialect declared that I spoke it as 'weel as he did himself.' After that, as you may suppose, I was more at ease."

Looking round the study, I noticed most of the things which had been familiar objects in his

room at St. James's Terrace. There in a large case filling one of the recesses by the fireplace was his collection of French books in the publishers' paper covers, forming a remarkable contrast to the case of English-bound books on the other side. I asked Max O'Rell whether in the matter of the publishing of books he did not think we did things better than in France. But he decisively, and I am bound to say with good reason, rejected the suggestion.

"I don't think so at all. I much prefer to buy my books in paper covers; if they are worth binding, I can then have them bound as I please, not as the publisher pleases. And you are saved from such a monstrosity as this." And the author



From a Photo by  
FALK, George St., Sydney.]

*Your faithfully,  
Max O'Rell*



took from a third book-case, which occupied the greater part of the wall facing the window, a rather unfortunate specimen of the bookbinding art as it is practised in London.

"Compare this thing," he said severely, "with this copy of *Fenelon*, bound in Paris."

I had to admit the superiority of the latter, but suggested that after all it was probably only a question of price. But Max O'Rell met this point triumphantly—the English book was the more expensive of the two.

"No, the explanation is, I think, to be found in the fact that all English book-binders have not the skill to do the work artistically. It is a question of superior training plus a little natural taste. In France every little town has its public

the way across the hall. "I have put them together in this cabinet."

Most of the spoil had been obtained from the natives in New Zealand and South Africa. There were beads, necklaces, clubs, and other articles of native manufacture. The prize in the collection was the boomerang of a famous tribe—a formidable instrument, covered with the stains of kangaroo blood, which is frantically whirled about at the great festivals of the tribe.

"In Australia," Max O'Rell remarks reflectively, "the natives are all but extinct, and the Maories are slowly decreasing in numbers. But the Kaffirs and other natives of South Africa appear to have a much greater power of adapting themselves to the conditions of civilization, and



MAX O'RELL ON TOUR IN ZULULAND.

school of handicraft; in England you are only just beginning to recognise the need of technical education."

To the flotsam and jetsam of the mantelpiece there were some notable additions collected by Max O'Rell on his recent travels. By the side of an old Turkish pipe was one of a kind held in great favour by the Maories, and a signed photograph of Kruger, the President of the Orange Free State—with whom Max O'Rell had a long conversation—kept company with those of many European and American celebrities. A farewell message to Max O'Rell on leaving America was signed by Mark Twain, Dr. Holmes, George Kennan, and others.

"You must come and have a look at my curios in the drawing-room," said Max O'Rell, leading

it looks as if they would stay like the negroes of the United States. You find them living in their camps and kraals just outside the towns; they do their work in the towns as labourers and gardeners, charwomen and laundry-women in the European fashion, to return home in the evening, throw off the European costume, don the scanty native garb, and enjoy their pipes. They are useful, of course, in doing these different kinds of work cheaply, and they live principally on maize and rice."

Returning to his study, we spent the next ten minutes looking through a portfolio of photographs taken in America, Australia, and South Africa, mostly by Max O'Rell himself. "I use one of the Kodak cameras," he tells me, "with which you merely have to press a button,



and I find the work of developing not at all difficult." One of his most successful "shots" is a group of Zulu women, with their children on their backs, whom they have brought to be vaccinated by the district medical officer.

"Didn't some of them object to the vaccination order?"

"Oh, no; they regard this, as well as other regulations of English Government, philosophically and sensibly."

In another picture (which is reproduced with this article) Max O'Rell is depicted as one of the party of the Treasurer of Zululand, conveying £20,000 in specie to Durban. In others he has obtained some of the prettiest bits of scenery in the remotest parts of Australia and New Zealand.

"I suppose you are writing a book describing your impressions of John Bull over the seas?"

"Yes, and I shall probably use some of these photos for the purpose of illustrating it. Like my previous books, it will be published in both French and English."

"You have written all your books, I believe, in French?"

"Yes, and my wife, who, as you know, is an English lady, has afterwards translated them for me; that is, with the exception of my last book, *A Frenchman in America*, which I wrote in English myself."

I was disappointed in not seeing Madame Blouet, whose grace and skill as a hostess I have often had occasion to admire. Madame Blouet is the daughter of a shipowner in South Devonshire. Having been as a girl an eager student of French, she now reads and speaks her husband's language almost as well as her own.

As may be supposed, Max O'Rell has a very favourable opinion of inter-marriage between English and French. "I have known several Frenchmen who have lived happily with English wives," he will tell you. "I know of only one case of a marriage turning out unhappily, and in that case the wife was French and the husband English."

Monsieur and Madame Blouet celebrated their eighteenth wedding-day last December. At the time of their marriage he had just been appointed French teacher at St. Paul's School, while she, having been recently released from the bonds of boarding school, was visiting some London friends, at whose house they met for the first time.

Max O'Rell's views as to the age at which a girl should marry incline rather to the French custom. He is of opinion that more good than harm results from the early age at which most French girls marry, and after twenty-five years' residence in England, he is as strongly convinced as ever that in France there is quite as much domestic happiness as in England.

"The mistake," he said to me, as he had said to me before, with all the force of a strong conviction, "which so many English people make, is to suppose that Paris is typical of France. They make a short stay in the pleasure city of the world, see certain evils there, and conclude that all France is just the same. Never was there a greater delusion. If you go into the country towns, you will find as much home felicity, as sweet and pure a family life, as you will find anywhere."

"Such writers as Zola are, perhaps, partly responsible for the contrary impression?"

"I have always regretted that Zola does not make a different choice of words. But I do not think, as your Church Congress apparently did, that his books have had an influence for evil. He has painted evil in too hideous colours for that; in fact, vice in his books is so repellent, that I think they are likely to exercise a salutary influence over the minds of their readers."

"I remember your saying to me, just before you went away, that in the colonies you expected to find only a second edition of John Bull. That anticipation, I take it, has not been quite realised?"

"By no means. The colonist is John Bull over again to some extent, but John Bull developed, and with some new features. One thing which greatly impressed me about the Australians was their provincialism. Regarding this my agent told me an amusing little story. He was visiting a small town of several hundred inhabitants, and while there met an old acquaintance. 'Do you think you'll get a good audience for your friend?' asked the man, who was a town councillor, referring to my forthcoming visit. 'Yes, I think so,' my agent replied. 'Well, all I know is,' said the other, 'that I've given lectures in this place many times myself, and I've never been able to get a good house.' You find this provincialism all over the colonies; the people seem to have little regard, little respect for things and traditions that most of us on this side of the world consider worthy of all respect. Of course, many of these little communities live a very remote kind of life, and the isolation of the 'bushman' up country is terrible to think of."

"What effect has the climate had on the Colonial character, do you think?"

"As was to be expected, the warmth has had, I think, rather an enervating effect. This is especially the case in Queensland, where, during the summer, it is most difficult for Europeans to work at all. Of course, although we were in Australia for eleven months, we escaped the extreme heat by going to New Zealand, which has by far the best climate—a splendid climate, in fact."

Over the doorway of the room hung a sketch, by Paléologue, of Max O'Rell "operating" upon



subjects, the figures of John Bull, Friend Macdonald, Brother Jonathan, and Jacques Bonhomme standing on the table before him. From this sketch big "posters" were printed, and used at each town on his recent tour. Catching sight of this sketch, Max O'Rell is moved to tell me another little story.

"A 'bushman' who came to one of my lectures evidently supposed from this advertisement that I was running a marionette 'show.' When I had nearly finished my lecture, he shouted, 'When is the fun to begin? When are we going to see the dolls?'"

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

## IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

### I.—THE ART OF DOUBTING WELL.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind.

THE phrase is Plato's. Philosophy, said the great Academician, is "the art of doubting well."

If I have rightly gauged the mental calibre of the readers of THE YOUNG MAN, I may safely take for granted on their part a certain experience of those spectral doubts that haunt the modern mind. There has come, as the genial *Professor at the Breakfast Table* foresaw, "such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies in Christendom." The majority of laymen, however, who are subjected to the ordeal of doubt, are of the silent sort. They shrink from laying bare their mind on such delicate and private matters.

"Of what religion are you, Mr. Rogers?" a lady once asked the patron of literature.

"What religion? I am of the religion of all sensible men."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"All sensible men, madam, keep that to themselves."

It is certain that the "obstinate questionings" which most sensible laymen keep to themselves are outside the ken of professional books that discuss materialism, agnosticism, and the customary evidences. The sorest doubts do not come from Germany or Oxford, from Spencer or Renan. The most ravenous of our sceptical thoughts spring upon us from the grim realities of human life, from "the work that goes on under the smoke-counterpane" overhanging the great city, from the inexorable silence of the Eternal, from the millions of Orientals who have Bibles of their own, from the discovery of good sceptics and bad Christians, and from the offence of shocking creeds.

This ordeal of fire, the modern "Siege Perilous" of the mind, has happily its compensations. It is less perilous than the serene deadness and sluggish acquiescence which re-

strain the common mind from penetrating to the core of traditional beliefs. Why the human mind should not be placed beyond the possibility and perils of doubt upon questions of such living and lasting consequence is itself an enigma. One gain, however, is clear: that the spiritual powers of man are developed, the faculty for truth is sharpened, by his struggle to pierce the mists and discover the dawning outlines of reality. Were all things sure beyond doubt, forced on us beyond the possibility of question, our minds would stagnate.

Had not steam and electricity and other secrets of the earth lain in hiding awaiting human discovery, man's inventive faculty, besides his knowledge and skill, had been proportionately dwarfed. The quickening of mind that is gained by resolute search for truth among half-lights has even given rise to the paradox that the pursuit of truth is better than truth itself.

Newman was not wholly wrong. Protestantism does involve the chances of doubt and error. But so did the idyllic "Eden." The perils of doubt are the perils of the free. They are part of the strangely terrible endowment of each "sub-creative centre," and are essential to each intelligence made free for moral choice. So much the more pressing is the necessity of learning "the Art of Doubting well."

The Romanist, I venture the assertion, has just missed the truth in denying the right of private judgment. What is disastrous is an *untrained* private judgment. No doubt, simple minds often see their way direct to the essence of the truth, as Bryant's *Water-fowl* knew its solitary way through the illimitable air to its summer home. Yet since so many bewildering questions are raised around us, to doubt *well* becomes a necessary art, one of the finest of the fine arts.

The "Bird of Truth" is not to be brought to earth by every "Hunter" who starts out with Herbert Spencer or with Bagster's Bible



in hand. In the search for truth, as in the painter's art, there are, we admit, strong and rough effects for the rude and untrained eye. Yet in both arts the loftiest beauty and truth are perceived only by the skilled and fit. One has to acquire some art in the use of the touchstones of truth and the instruments of truth-seeking, and to learn how to balance probabilities. One must be sensitive to light and shade, to delicate but significant aspects of the case, and must know how to give proportionate value to contending points and perspective to the whole.

I. The condition of all conditions lies in the temper and spirit in which the truth-seeker proceeds in his search for truth.

On the one hand, intellectual rebellionism, the passion of fierce revolt, must necessarily impair one's clearness of spiritual perception. Intellectual despair, again, cynical disbelief in the possibility of finding truth at all, cannot fail to sap one's confident energy and alertness of mind. Especially if one has read widely among writers of many creeds and countries, or has travelled far and found honest men of opposite faith, each believing that *he* possesses the truth, one is tempted to take refuge in cold agnosticism, and view all faith as blessed ignorance or happy illusion.

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not wait for a reply." So saying, Lord Bacon makes Pilate's memorable question a mere brilliant play of sarcastic repartee. But no one was farther from "jesting" than Pilate. Stoic, Epicurean, Sceptic, Jew,—he had heard them all, and each was sure, but which was right? And here was another poor theorist with his airy dream-world! "Truth, indeed! Who, alas! can tell what is truth?" Modern minds are liable to become equally *blasé*. Truth is regarded as each man's dream; and wise men will not allow themselves to grow too serious, or "follow wandering fires."

It is Carlyle's "Centre of Indifference," the dangerous middle land "through which whoso travels from the negative pole to the positive must necessarily pass." In such a temper as this no man can doubt well. Even though the forms of faith have vanished, one must have the *spirit* of faith, must have confidence that the constitution of all things is rational, and that, therefore, truth *is*, and is the reward of those that diligently seek it. Granted that credulity is the mother of fateful errors, that apathy is the atmosphere of the deadly lotus-land. Yet there can be no rest in unbelieving negation, which is the air of a barren land. The true pilgrim of doubt is impelled by the wish to believe—not to make-believe, but to find and rest in the truth.

It is a great matter to have confidence in the truth as the only *safe* thing. It is not

safe to enjoy the false heaven of a comfortable faith of which we all the time conceal a lurking suspicion. To be true to all light from every quarter, to be ourselves true without paltering and policy, alone can lead to safety. No man need fear any Gehenna who is utterly true. There is nothing to be feared except missing the truth and failing to live up to it. This confidence in the truth is the secret of courage in seeking it. Yet intellectual courage may be so vaulting as to overleap its own aim. Brave men are tempted to prove to themselves their freedom and independence by over-daring disbelief and wholesale denial.

When questions such as I propose to discuss have nothing more than a speculative interest, the pursuit of truth lacks one of its chief safeguards. If it is not felt that these problems affect life, if the intention be not practical and the issues at stake be not realized, then the animating spirit of the quest is not serious enough to guide it safely. Doubt must not be an end in itself: the end must be life, action—"God's own appointed eyesalve for the blinding disease of speculative tendencies." Doubt, however needful as a stage in the mind's progress, is imperfection, weakness. Only belief can be a source of strength.

For the professional doubter, who nurses difficulties as if they were virtues, whose questions are born of vanity or egotism, and who wears his trouble as a mark of distinction, one can have no feeling but pity and scorn. Men require a very small stock-in-trade to set up as sceptics of this sort. A few atrocities culled from Judges or Chronicles, a few inconsistencies from the Churches, a few pungent sayings from Huxley, a few crumbs of science and philosophy—these will start them in the business. Indulging their diletante doubt thus, they toy with the solemn questions which involve the hopes and moral destinies of men and nations, and determine the welfare of mankind. Those who doubt well do not boast of their obstinate questionings: they feel negation and perplexity to be pain and grief: through the night they are ever watching for the day-dawn.

II. One has to acquire the power of perceiving and resting confidently in truth while difficulties still remain. At first, the truth we seek must, we think, be set above all question. We have to learn, however, to be contented with a verdict for truth, upon which the vote of the facts and opinions is not unanimous.

No moral truth can be proved without "buts" and "ifs" being left behind unconquered. Truth at the best is but a balance of probabilities: weightier reasons *pro* turning the scales against certain difficulties *contra*. We are content to have it so in ordinary life; we may expect it to be so in things ethical and spiritual, and we must not be shaken out of



our convictions, or crippled in our action, by the bare existence of doubt.

The sum of all is,—yes, my doubt is great,  
My faith's still greater, then my faith's enough.

Even sceptics on their part are not secure against unsettling doubt regarding their doubts. They, too, if they continue to think and keep an open mind, are "shaken by fits."

We are able to rest assured that the earth is round, though its rotundity is still disputed. Everything most certain has been denied. "You can buy treatises to show that Napoleon never lived, and that no battle of Bunker Hill was ever fought." We should believe nothing, if we could not hold it true in face of some doubt and denial.

The objections to any great truth are easily grasped by the superficial; while, as a rule, the positive reasons that support it need a keener insight and steadier judgment to appreciate them. Naturally Colonel Ingersoll, with his bluff humour and quick-witted repartee and ready eloquence, found it easy to demolish Moses, as he believed: much as certain preachers find it easy to ridicule Darwin out of court. But, after all, that sort of thing is only a clever exaggeration of superficial difficulties. And we must not allow lingering difficulties to outweigh strong and solid reasons for belief.

III. One has to learn by what sort of proofs it is possible for moral and spiritual truth to satisfy the mind.

We must not demand the incongruous. The spiritual cannot be demonstrated with *mathematical* certainty; yet it has a certainty of its own, equally decisive after its own kind and in its own sphere. As well bring a horse to "draw a parallel" as apply purely scientific tests to ethics and religion.

It is not meant that the mind should be overwhelmed by external evidence, nor that one's free judgment should be swept off its feet, rendered helpless, and caught away as the victim of brutal certainties. Belief, being compelled, would then no longer possess its moral value. Truth must be "born again" in the heart of each individual. Even goodness appears not to have been forced upon the "Adam" of the race: room was left for the moral element of choice.

The greater and better part of our life is not regulated by what Aristotle calls *τεκμήρια*, "proofs positive," but by *εἰκότα*, "reasonable probabilities." In fact, "probability is the guide of life," and we have to learn to estimate truth by its means. The proofs of spiritual truth are delicate, cumulative, convergent. And, though so impalpable, though never amounting to mathematical demonstrations, they yet combine to forge the surest

verities known to man. Says Tennyson's *Ancient Sage*:—

Nothing worthy proving can be proven,  
Nor yet disproven. Wherefore thou be wise,  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith.

IV. The process cannot be hastened. Things must have time to settle down to their own true level and shape, time to test and prove or disprove themselves. Impatience spoils the formation of truth within the mind. At a certain point, the vision of the truth may flash suddenly on the eye—as the law of gravitation broke in upon Newton's mind. But the process leading up to this point must be slow.

Many problems there are which one cannot settle by direct attack, yet which, if left alone, will be found, in the course of time and duty and experience, to have settled themselves. Many of the debates of hot youth fall by-and-by into insignificance. Broad principles emerge which overtop and supersede particular questions.

Said Robertson of Brighton, writing to a friend: "Begin from belief and love, and do not coerce belief. Your mind is at sea. Be patient, you cannot drift on the wide, wide sea for ever. Be sure you are in His hand, not hated but loved. Do not speak bitterly of Him, nor mistake Him. You must not 'make haste.'"

A danger lies here, however—the danger of *drift*; for the drift may be determined all unconsciously by the subtle current of self-interest or local environment. Yet it is a danger that has to be risked. Time *must* be given for chaotic arguments and untested evidence to fall into form and perspective.

V. One must do one's best to eliminate the personal equation. To do so absolutely is an impossible task; for, being so largely the creatures of heredity and environment, our prejudices, that is, our pre-judgments, form no small part of the texture of our nature. Yet it is perhaps the very first condition of doubting well that we do our utmost to ascertain and eliminate the personal equation in the problems of the mind, that we correct our vision in so far as it may be distorted by one-sided experience, or by animosities against sceptics on the one hand, or against the orthodox on the other.

Olive Schreiner, in her marvellous *Dreams*, describes the "Hunter" after the Bird of Truth: "Then the Hunter took from his breast the shuttle of imagination and wound on it the threads of his Wishes, and all night long he sat and wove the net. And into it he threw a few grains of credulity [or incredulity, as the case may be], which his father had left him." "Many men have spread the net for Truth, but they have never







## KIT KENNEDY, NE'ER-DO-WHEEL.

By S. R. CROCKETT,  
*Author of "The Stickit Minister."*

"KIT KENNEDY, ye are a lazy Ne'er-do-weel—lyin' snorin' there in your bed on the back o' five o'clock. Think shame o' yoursel'!"

And Kit did.

He was informed on an average ten times a day that he was lazy, a skulker, a burden on the world, and especially on the household of his mother's cousin, Mistress MacWalter of Loch Spelland-erie. So, being an easy-minded boy, and moderately cheerful, he accepted the fact and shaped his life accordingly.

"Get up this instant, ye scoondrel!" came again the sharp voice. It was speaking from under three ply of blankets, in the ceiled room beneath. That is why it seemed a trifle more muffled than usual. It even sounded kindly, but Kit Kennedy was not deceived. He knew better than that.

"Gin ye dinna be stirrin', I'll be up to ye wi' a stick!" cried Mistress MacWalter.

It was a greyish, glimmering twilight when Kit Kennedy awoke. It seemed such a short time since he went to bed, that he thought that surely his aunt was calling him up the night before. Kit was not surprised. She had married his uncle, and was capable of anything.

The moon, getting old, and yawning in the middle as if tired of being out so late, set a crumbly horn past the edge of his little skylight. Her straggling, pallid rays fell on something white on Kit's bed. He put out his hand, and it went into a cold wreath of white snow up to the wrist.

"Ouch!" said Kit Kennedy.

"I'm comin' to ye," repeated his aunt, "ye lazy, pampered, guid-for-naething! Dinna think

I dinna hear ye grumblin' and speakin' ill words there."

Yet all he had said was "Ouch!"—in the circumstances, a somewhat natural remark.

Kit took the corner of the scanty coverlet, and

with a well-accustomed arm-sweep he sent the whole swirl of snow over the end of his bed, getting across the side at the same time himself. He did not complain. All he said, as he blew upon his hands, and slapped them against his sides, was—

"Michty, it'll be cauld at the turnip-pits this mornin'!"

It had been snowing in the night since Kit lay down, and the snow had sifted in through the open tiles of the farmhouse of Loch Spelland-erie. That was nothing. It often did that. But sometimes it rained, and that was worse. Yet Kit Kennedy did not much mind even that. He had a cunning arrange-

ment in old umbrellas and corn-sacks that could beat the rain any day. Snow, in his own words, he did not give a "buckie"<sup>1</sup> for.

Then there was a stirring on the floor, a creaking of the ancient joists. It was Kit putting on his clothes. He always knew where each article lay—dark or shine, it made no matter to him. He had not an embarrassment of apparel. He had a suit for wearing, and his "other clothes." These latter were, however, too small for him, and so he could not go to the kirk at Duntochar. But his aunt—who was not his aunt, but his mother's cousin—had laid them aside for her

<sup>1</sup> The fruit of the dog-rose is, when large and red, locally called a "buckie."



[From a Photo by  
 MOWAT, 125, Princes  
 St., Edinburgh.]

THE REV. S. R. CROCKETT.



son Rob, a growing lad. She was a thoughtful woman.

"Be gettin' doon the stair, my man, and look slippy," cried his aunt, as a parting shot, "and see carefully to the kye. It'll be as weel for ye."

Kit had on his trousers by this time. His waistcoat followed. But before he put on his coat, he knelt down to say his prayer. He had promised his mother to say it then. If he put on his coat he was apt to forget, in his haste to get out of doors where the beasts were friendly. So between his waistcoat and his coat he prayed. The angels were up at the time, and they heard, and went and told the Father who hears prayer. They said that in a garret at a hill farm a boy was praying with his knees in a snow-drift—a boy without any father or mother.

"Ye lazy guid-for-naething! gin ye are no doon the stairs in three meenites, no' a drap o' porridge or a sup o' milk ye shall get the day!"

So Kit got on his feet, and made a queer little shuffling noise with them, to induce his aunt to think that he was bestirring himself. So that is the way he had to finish his prayers, on his feet, shuffling and dancing a break-down. The angels saw, and smiled. They did not mind. They took it to the Father who hears prayer just the same as if Kit Kennedy had been in church. All but one, who dropped something that might have been a pearl and might have been a tear. Then he also went within the inner court, and told that which he had seen.

But to Kit there was nothing to grumble about. He was pleased, if any one was. His clogs did not let in the snow. His coat was rough, but warm. If any one was well off, it was Kit Kennedy.

So he came downstairs, if stairs they could be called that were but the rounds of a ladder. His aunt heard him.

"Keep awa' frae the kitchen, ye thievin' loon! There's nocht there for ye—takkin' the bairns' meat afore they're up!"

But Kit was not hungry, which, in the circumstances, was as well. Mistress MacWalter had caught him red-handed on one occasion. He was taking a bit of hard oatcake out of the basket of "farles" which swung from the black, smoked beam in the corner. Kit had cause to remember the occasion. Ever since, she had cast it up to him. She was a master at casting up, as her husband knew. But Kit was used to it, and he did not care. A thick stick was all that he cared for, and that only for three minutes; but he minded when Mistress MacWalter abused his mother, who was dead. But she did not do this often, for she too had a memory.

Kit Kennedy made for the front door, direct from the foot of the ladder. His aunt raised herself on one elbow in bed, to assure herself that he

did not go into the kitchen. She heard the click of the bolt shot back, and the stir of the dogs as Tweed and Tyke rose from the fireside to follow him. There was still a little red gleaming between the bars, and Kit would have liked to go in and warm his toes on the hearthstone. But he knew that his aunt was listening. He was going thirteen, and big for his age, so he wasted no pity on himself, but opened the door and went out. Self-pity is bad at any time. It is fatal at thirteen.

At the door one of the dogs stopped, sniffed the keen frosty air, turned quietly, and went back to the hearthstone. That was Tweed. But Tyke was out rolling in the snow when Kit Kennedy shut the door.

Then his aunt went to sleep. She knew that Kit Kennedy did his work, and that there would be no cause to complain. But she meant to do it all the same. He was a lazy, deceitful hound, an encumbrance, and an interloper among her bairns.

Kit slapped his arms against his sides. He stood beneath his aunt's window, and crowed so like a cock that Mistress MacWalter jumped out of her bed.

"Save us!" she said. "What's that beast doin' there at this time in the mornin'?"

She got out of bed to look; but she could see nothing, certainly not Kit. But Kit saw her, as she stood shivering at the window in her night gear. Kit hoped that her legs were cold. This was his revenge. He was a revengeful boy.

As for himself, he was as warm as toast. The stars tingled above with frost. The moon lay over on her back and yawned still more ungracefully. She seemed more tired than ever.

Kit had an idea. He stopped and cried up at her,—

"Get up, ye lazy guid-for-naething! I'll come up wi' a stick to ye!"

But the moon did not come down. On the contrary, she made no sign. Kit laughed. He had to stop in the snow to do it. The imitation of his aunt pleased him. He fancied himself climbing up a rung ladder to the moon, with a broomstick in his hand. He would start that old moon, if he fell down and broke his neck. Kit was hungry now. It was a long time since supper-time. Porridge is, no doubt, good feeding, but it vanishes away like the morning cloud, and leaves only a void. Kit felt the void, but he could not help it. Instead, however, of dwelling upon it, his mind was full of queer thoughts and funny imaginings. It is a strange thing that the thought of rattling on the ribs of a lazy, sleepy moon, with a besom-shank, pleased him as much as a plate of porridge and as much milk as he could sup to it. But that was the fact.

Kit went next into the stable to get a lantern.



The horses were moving about restlessly, but Kit had nothing to do with them. He went in only to get a lantern. It was on the great wooden corn-crib in the corner. Kit lighted it, and pulled down his cap over his ears.

Then he crossed over to the cattle sheds. The snow was crisp under foot. His feet went through the light drift which had fallen during the night, and crackled frostily upon the older and harder crust. At the barn, Kit paused to put fresh straw in his iron-shod clogs. Fresh straw every morning in the bottom of one's clogs is a great luxury. It keeps the feet warm. Who can afford a new sole of fleecy wool every morning to his shoe? Kit could, for straw is cheap, and even his aunt did not grudge a handful. Not that it would have mattered if she had.

The cattle rattled their chains as he crossed the yard in a friendly and companionable way, Tyke following more sedately than before. Kit's first morning job was to fodder the cattle. He went to the hay-mow and carried a great armful of fodder, filling the manger before the bullocks, and giving each a friendly pat as he went by. Great Jock, the bull in the pen by himself in the corner, pushed a moist nose over the bars, and dribbled upon Kit with slobbering affection. Kit put down his head and pretended to run at him, whereat Jock, whom nobody else dare go near, beamed upon him with the solemn affection of 'bestial,' his great eyes shining in the light of the lamp with unlovely but genuine affection.

Then came the cows' turn. Kit Kennedy took a milking pail, which he would have called a luggie, set his knee to Crummie, his favourite, who was munching her fodder, and soon had a warm draught. He pledged her in her own milk, wishing her good health and many happy returns. Then, for his aunt's sake, he carefully wiped the luggie dry, and set it where he had found it. He had got his breakfast—no mean or poor one.

But he did not doubt that he was, as his aunt had said, "a lazy, deceitful hound."

Kit Kennedy came out of the byre, and trudged away out over the field at the back of the barn to the sheep in the park. He heard one of them cough as a human being does behind his hand. The lantern threw dancing reflections on the snow. Tyke grovelled and rolled in the light

drift, barking loudly. He bit at his own tail. Kit set down the lantern, and fell upon him for a tussle. The two of them had rolled one another into a snowdrift in exactly ten seconds, from which they rose glowing with heat—the heat of young things when the blood runs fast. Tyke, being excited, scoured away wildly, and circled the park at a hand gallop before his return. But Kit only lifted the lantern and made for the turnip pits.

The turnip-cutter stood there, with great square mouth black against the sky. That mouth must be filled. Kit went to the end of the barrow-like mound of the turnip pit. It was covered with snow, so that it hardly showed above the level of the field. Kit threw back the coverings of old sacks and straw which kept the turnips from the frost. There lay the great green and yellow globes full of sap. The snow fell upon them from the top of the pit. The frost grasped them without. It was a chilly job to handle them, but Kit did not hesitate a moment.

He filled his arms with them, and went to the turnip-cutter. Soon the *crunch, crunch* of the knives was to be heard, as Kit drove round the handle, and the frosty sound of the square finger-lengths of cut turnip falling into the basket. The sheep had gathered about him, silently for the most part. Tyke sat still and



"SHE LIFTED HER FOOT AND LET DRIVE."



dignified now, guarding the lantern, which the sheep were inclined to knock over. Kit heard the animals knocking against the empty troughs with their hard little trotters, and snuffing about them with their nostrils.

He lifted his heavy basket, heaved it against his breast, and made his way down the long line of troughs. The sheep crowded about him, shoving and elbowing each other like human beings, callously and selfishly. His first basket did not go far, as he shovelled it in great handfuls into the troughs, and Kit came back for another. It was tiring work, and the day was dawning grey when he had finished. Then he made the circuit of the field, to assure himself that all was right, and that there were no stragglers lying frozen in corners, or turned *avel* in the links of the knowes.<sup>1</sup>

Then he went back to the onstead. The moon had gone down, and the farm buildings loomed very cold and bleak out of the frost fog.

Mistress MacWalter was on foot. She had slept nearly two hours, being half an hour too long, after wearying herself with raising Kit; and furthermore, she had risen with a very bad temper. But this was no uncommon occurrence.

She was in the byre with a lantern of her own. She was talking to herself, and "flyting on" (scolding) the patient cows, who now stood chewing the cuds of their breakfast. She slapped them apart with her stool, applied savagely to their flanks. She even took her foot to them, which affronts a self-respecting cow as much as a human being.

In this spirit she greeted Kit when he appeared.

"Where hae ye been, ye careless deevil, ye? A guid mind hae I to gie ye my milking-stool ower your crown, ye senseless, menseless blastie! What ill-contriving tricks hae ye been at that ye haena gotten the kye milkit?"

"I ha been feeding the sheep at the pits, aunt," said Kit Kennedy.

"Dinna tell me," cried his aunt; "ye hae been wasting your time at some o' your ploys. What do ye think that John MacWalter, silly man, feeds ye for? He has plenty o' weans o' his ain to provide for withoot meddling wi' the like o' you—careless, useless, fushionless blagyaired that ye are."

Mistress MacWalter had sat down on her stool to the milking by this time. But her temper was such that she was milking unkindly, and Crummie felt it. Also she had not forgotten in her slow-moving bovine way that she had been kicked. So in her turn she lifted her foot and let drive, punctuating a gigantic semi-colon

with her cloven hoof just on that part of the person of Mistress MacWalter where it was fitted to take most effect.

Mistress MacWalter found herself on her back, with the milk running all over her. She picked herself up, helped by Kit, who had come to her assistance.

Her words were few, but not at all well ordered. She went to the byre door to get the driving stick to lay on Crummie. Kit stopped her.

"If you do that, aunt, ye'll pit a' the kye to that o't, that they'll no let doon a drap o' milk this morning—an' the morn's kirning day."

Mistress MacWalter knew that the boy was right, but she could only turn, not subdue her anger. So she turned it on Kit Kennedy, for there was no one else there.

"Ye meddlin' curse," she cried, "it was a' your blame!"

She had the shank of the byre besom in her hand as she spoke. With this she struck at the boy, who ducked his head and hollowed his back in a manner which showed great practice and dexterity. The blow fell obliquely on his coat, making a resounding noise, but doing no great harm.

Then Mistress MacWalter picked up her stool and sat down to another cow. Kit drew in to Crummie, and the twain comforted one another. Kit bore no malice, but he hoped that his aunt would not keep back his porridge. That was what he feared. No other word of good or bad said the Mistress of Loch Spellanderie by the water of Ken. Kit carried in the two great reaming cans of fresh milk into the milkhouse, and as he went out empty-handed, Mistress MacWalter waited for him, and with a hand both hard and heavy, fetched him a ringing blow on the side of the head, which made his teeth clack together and his eyes water.

"Tak' that, ye gangrel loon!" she said.

Kit Kennedy went into the barn with fell purpose in his heart. He set up on end a bag of chaff which was laid aside to fill a bed. He squared up to it in a deadly way, dancing lightly on his feet, his hands revolving in a knowing manner.

His left hand shot out, and the sack of chaff went over in the corner.

"Stand up, Mistress MacWalter," said Kit, "an' we'll see wha's the better man."

It was evidently Kit who was the better man, for the sack subsided repeatedly and flaccidly on the hard-beaten earthen floor. So Kit mauled Mistress MacWalter exceedingly shamefully, and obtained so many victories over that lady that he quite pleased himself, and in time gat himself into such a glow that he forgot all about the tingling on his ear which had so suddenly begun at the milkhouse door.

<sup>1</sup> A sheep turns *avel* when it so settles itself upon its back in a hollow of the hill that it cannot rise.



"After all, she keeps me!" said Kit Kennedy cheerily.

There was an angel up aloft who went into the inner court at that moment and told that Kit Kennedy had forgiven his enemies. He said nothing about the sack. So Kit Kennedy began the day with a clean slate and a ringing ear.

He went to the kitchen door to go in and get his breakfast.

"Gae way wi' ye; hoo daur ye come to my door after what yer wark has been this mornin'?" cried Mistress MacWalter as soon as she heard him. "Aff to the schule wi' ye. Ye get neither bite nor sup in my hoose the day."

The three MacWalter children were sitting at the table taking their porridge and milk with horn spoons. The ham was skirling and frizzling in the pan. It gave out a good smell, but that did not cost Kit Kennedy a thought. He knew that that was not for the like of him. He would as soon have thought of wearing a white linen shirt or having the lairdship of a barony as of getting ham to his breakfast. But after his morning's work, he had a sore heart enough to miss his porridge.

But he knew that it was no use to argue with Mistress MacWalter. So he went outside and walked up and down. He heard the clatter of dishes as the children, Rob, Jock, and Meysie MacWalter finished their eating, and Meysie set their bowls one within the other, and carried them into the back kitchen to be ready for the washing. Meysie was nearly ten, and was Kit's very good friend. Jock and Rob, on the other hand, ran races who should have most tales to tell of his misdoings at home, and also at the village school.

"Kit Kennedy, ye scoondrel, come in this meenit an' get the dishes washen afore yer uncle taks the 'Buik,'"<sup>1</sup> cried Mistress MacWalter, who was a religious woman, and came forward regularly at the half-yearly communion in the kirk of Duntochar. She did not so much grudge Kit his meal of meat, but she had her own

<sup>1</sup> Has family worship.

theories of punishment. So she called Kit in to wash the dishes from which he had never eaten. Meysie stood beside them, and dried for him, and her little heart was sore. There was something in the bottom of some of them, and this Kit ate quickly and furtively—Meysie keeping a watch that her mother was not coming. The day was now broken, but the sun had not yet risen.

"Tak' the pot oot an' clean it. Gie the scrapin's to the dogs!" ordered Mistress MacWalter.

Kit obeyed. Tyke and Tweed followed with their tails over their backs. The white wastes glimmered in the grey of the morning. It was rosy where the sun was going to rise behind the great ridge of Ben Arrow, which looked, smoothly covered with snow as it was, exactly like a gigantic turnip pit. At the back of the milkhouse Kit set down the pot, and with a horn spoon which he took from his pocket he shared the scraping of the pot equally into three parts, dividing it mathematically by lines drawn up from the bottom. It was a good big pot, and there was a good deal of scrapings, which was lucky for both Tweed and Tyke, as well as good for Kit Kennedy.

"Hungry dogs hunt best" was the motto of Mistress MacWalter.

Now this is the way that Kit Kennedy—that kinless loon, without father or mother—won his breakfast.

He had hardly finished and licked his spoon, the dogs sitting on their haunches and watching every rise and fall of the horn, when a well-known voice shrilled through the air,—

"Kit Kennedy, ye lazy, ungrateful hound, come ben to the 'Buik.' Ye are no better than the beasts that perish, regairdless baith o' God and man!"

So Kit Kennedy cheerfully went in to prayers and thanksgiving, thinking himself not ill off. He had had his breakfast.

And Tweed and Tyke, the beasts that perish, put their noses into the porridge pot to see if Kit Kennedy had left anything. There was not so much as a single grain of meal.

Mr. G. B. BURGIN, of *The Idler*, has a capital story in *The Young Woman* this month. Amongst other interesting features there is a character sketch of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, with a new portrait and facsimile autograph, a series of portraits of "The Wives of our Leading Preachers," "A Talk about Art and Matrimony," by Mrs. Jopling, an article on "How to Make a Living in the Civil Service," by Miss Billington, and other contributions from Dr. Thain Davidson, Miss Frances E. Willard, Rev. W. J. Dawson, Mrs. Esler, Mrs. Oliphant, etc.

"CHRIST and His Friends" is the title of a delightful paper by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse in *The Home Messenger* for April. The other

contents include a useful paper on "Rest," by Dr. A. T. Schofield, a portrait and sketch of Dr. Glover, and a story by L. T. Meade (Partridge & Co., 1d.).

We gladly call attention to an announcement in our advertising columns concerning a new home for young men at Denmark Hill. It will be a really comfortable residential club, and the prices will not exceed those of ordinary lodgings.

We are glad to see that the Rev. F. B. Meyer has written an excellent little penny booklet on the subject of purity. It is called "A Holy Temple," and is published by S. W. Partridge & Co. It will do good wherever it goes, and we wish it a world-wide circulation.



## MY FIRST SERMON.

IV.—By THE VEN. ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, D.D.

To any one of a serious turn of mind, and who wishes to enter on Holy Orders from the highest and most conscientious motives, and not merely as a profession, there is necessarily something very impressive in speaking to God's people for the first time from the pulpit. I had, ever since I could remember, looked forward to the Christian ministry as my sphere in life, and I had frequently given addresses in some of the school-chapels which my father had erected in his large parish in Sussex; but to speak for the first time from the pulpit of a well-known church, to a congregation entirely strange, was something quite different. I remember a story of a curate of my grandfather's in Yorkshire, who, in the same circumstances, was so overcome with nervousness that he made a calamitous blunder. He was preaching on the Prodigal Son, and when he came to the words, "put a ring on his finger," he was unable to stop, but went on, "and bells on his toes, and he shall have music wherever he goes." He only became aware of his mistake when he saw the members of his family, who were sitting below, all bending their heads towards their knees, as if they had been struck with lightning.

My first sermon was preached on the First Sunday after Trinity, June 7th, 1874, in a beautiful church which my uncle had built in the southern part of his great parish of Kensington. It was called Christ Church, Victoria Road. My uncle was Archdeacon of Middlesex, and Vicar of Kensington, and he had three churches in the district attached to the parish church. He was a great church builder. When he first went to Kensington, there were only three churches in the whole district: Old St. Mary Abbots, Brompton, and St. Barnabas. When he died, he left twenty-three new parishes, and upwards of thirty churches. The latest church he built was the grand new fabric of St. Mary Abbots, in which he preached during the last two years of his life. He had also, on a terrace in the beautiful gardens of the Vicarage, which covered many acres, an immense iron church, which held 1,200 people, and which is now represented by the red-brick church of St. Paul's, Vicarage Gardens, since built by the present Vicar of Kensington, Mr. Glyn.

Christ Church, Victoria Road, was always attended by a full, intelligent, and educated congregation.

After taking my degree at Oxford, I had a year or so to spare, and I spent it in an exceedingly pleasant manner by preparing the

son of Lord — for college. I had been ordained on the previous Sunday by the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who was most kind-hearted and friendly to all the young men on the occasion, my title being the curacy of Lord —'s place in Gloucestershire.

I can well remember my walk across Hyde Park on that beautiful summer morning, and the quiet, solemn feeling of interest and hopefulness which was in my mind at being called, after such long preparation, to deliver a message for God. When a young clergyman is deeply and humbly impressed with the tremendous meaning and responsibility of his office, there is—as my dear school friend, Canon Arthur Mason, afterwards wrote to me, in comparing notes on the subject—almost a sacramental fervour in his first utterance as a minister of God's Word. It is like the young knight first unsheathing his sword, after his vigil and consecration. My text was Philippians iii. 13: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before;" and I called the sermon, "Readiness for Opportunities." Not having any natural aptitude for extempore preaching, I had written my sermon out, every word.

However sincere a young man may be in his consecration of himself to the ministerial office, he cannot help remembering many things in his past life, which he would wish to have done otherwise. At the same time, he cannot allow any such recollection to interfere with his direct and obvious duty in the future to make the most of his calling. As I have already said, I had from my childhood dedicated myself to the ministry of the Word; but it is given to none to fulfil his best ideals. That was the idea of the sermon, but it was, of course, applied generally to human life.

Canon Brookfield was amongst the congregation; it was just a month before his death; and he afterwards wrote to a friend, expressing his sympathy with the sermon, though he did not know the preacher. The congregation also included Mr. Justice Denman, a senior classic of Cambridge, who had been at the same school as the occupant of the pulpit, and who was an attendant at the church.

I was, I remember, profoundly in earnest, and entirely unconscious of myself during the delivery of the sermon; but I recollect wishing very much afterwards that I could have put greater variety into the inflections of the voice. This I was quite unable to do until about a year afterwards, when I took lessons from Mr. Walter Lacy, Professor of Elocution at the Royal Academy of Music, a most genial





[From a Photo by  
R. W. THOMAS, *Cheapside.*]

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR'S STUDY.

and sympathetic teacher, who helped me greatly. It is an extraordinary thing that our clerical education should provide nothing in the way of elocution and homiletics.

The ideas present in my mind may perhaps be gathered from the concluding sentences of the sermon:—

"Thus the waters of Jordan will have been divided for us, and we shall already have passed over into the promised land. No more shall we think of our wanderings in the desert behind us, but only of the new enemies we have to conquer before we can enter finally into our rest. The memorial we shall set up will not be material stones, but ourselves. Hereby, as Joshua said to Israel, shall we know that the living God is among us. Thus,

with the true idealism moulding our characters from day to day, with the true ambition changing every impulse into one strong desire for the greater glory of God, with the noblest of all selfishness teaching us to find our only happiness in serving the Lord in little things by ministering to the happiness of His family, we shall, day by day, with greater reality be leaving those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before; we shall find the Spirit of God leading us into habits of kindness and consideration, of purity and humility, of wisdom and generosity; waiting on the Lord, we shall renew our strength; we shall mount up with wings as eagles: we shall run and not be weary; we shall walk and not faint."



## DOCTOR DICK: A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

*Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail,"  
"Her Benny," etc.*

### CHAPTER V.

#### BEWITCHED.

THE mind works rapidly in moments of great excitement, and Trevanion quickly arrived at the secret of his immersion, and discovered, too, that he was not alone in the water. Something or somebody had got hold of him and was dragging him down, down, down! His first sensations were horrible enough, but they soon gave place to calmer feelings. Reason asserted itself with wonderful rapidity, the situation unfolded itself to him as in a sudden flash. He knew exactly what had happened. Somebody had fallen down the shaft, had knocked him off the joist in so doing, and together they had been plunged into the dark and icy water. Now they were rising together. He got his arm round the slender form, a moment later his head was above the surface. Fortunately Job was there and caught him by the hair of his head, and for several seconds he felt a horrible choking sensation. But he never for a moment lost consciousness. It was easy enough to keep cool, as he afterwards expressed it, in water of that temperature. Job held on to his comrade like grim death, and drew him to the side of the shaft where the tunnel opened out, and in less time than it takes to write it, had hauled the dripping figures on to *terra firma*.

Then Trevanion experienced for the second time a choking sensation. As soon as the light from Job's candle fell on the face of the maiden he still held in his arms, he started and trembled violently.

"Who is she?" Job asked. "I don't know her face."

But Trevanion only shook his head; he was unable to speak just then.

"Case of suicide, I s'pose." Job went on, "Looks young to do a thing of that sort, too."

"Suicide or accident, never mind which," Trevanion answered huskily. "Run on in front with a light; we must get out of this as quickly as possible."

Job needed no second bidding, and a moment later they were rushing along the tunnel at a most unusual rate, Trevanion hugging the limp, still form to his heart as though she were a child.

At the mouth of the tunnel they met Captain Tom, who had first gone to Ivyholme to inform Miss Tabitha of the accident, while his nephew

Joe had gone into the village to carry the news and fetch the doctor.

"Is she dead?" Captain Tom asked.

"Think not," was the brief reply.

"Then let me carry her up the hill."

"Nay, Captain, I'll carry her myself. You can hurry on and tell Miss Tabitha we're coming."

And so it happened that almost before the news reached St. Ural, Trevanion with his precious burden had crossed the threshold of Ivyholme.

And now it was that Trevanion's medical knowledge stood him in good stead. Old Dr. Provis did not arrive for a full half-hour, and in the meanwhile Trevanion acted the part of medical adviser, and with complete success.

No one seemed to notice that he stood there in his ragged underground clothes drenched to the very skin; and for the moment it was forgotten that he was an outcast and a sot. He assumed command as though it were his right, and Miss Tabitha and the servants readily obeyed. Before Dr. Provis arrived, the patient had opened her eyes and smiled recognition at her deliverer. Then Trevanion slunk quietly away, and returned with Job to the mine.

At the mouth of the level, however, they found such a crowd, that they concluded it was useless attempting to go underground. Curiosity had been excited to its highest pitch. Men, women, and children were all clamorous for the latest intelligence. Half a dozen miners, they explained, were underground searching on their own account. Jan Probyn and his comrade, who were as ignorant as the rest, looked at Trevanion and Job with open mouths and wondering eyes; while the shrill voices of two or three women could be heard above the general buzz and hum of conversation, demanding what it all meant.

"Job will tell you everything," Trevanion explained at length. "I'm dripping wet, as you see, and frightfully cold into the bargain; so, if you don't mind, I'll be off to the changing-house, and get rid of these wet rags;" and he walked quickly away.

Job had a bad time of it for the next quarter of an hour. Questions were flung at him from all points of the compass at one and the same time, and not being particularly ready of speech, he found it impossible to make any satisfactory headway.

Then the miners who had gone underground



returned with woe-begone faces. They had found the "End" dark, silent, and deserted, and so concluded that something terrible had happened. One trophy of their search they brought with them—the remains of an umbrella which they found floating on the water, and which they hoped—though it was a black one—would throw some light upon the mystery.

The sight of Job attempting to explain to the crowd somewhat disconcerted them, and they walked away to their homes sullen and not a little chagrined.

Miss Revill after that day was more of a mystery than ever. Indeed, there seemed to many of the villagers something positively uncanny about her. That any one could fall down a shaft ten fathoms deep, into ten fathoms of water, and be got out practically unhurt, seemed to border very closely on the supernatural. It was almost equal to riding through the air on a broomstick.

Gracey Grig, in the shop of Hosea Polwhele, declared positively that she believed she was a witch; and Mrs. Beswarrick more obscurely hinted that she was of the same opinion. So the opinion gradually gained ground that there was something "funny" about the stranger. She might not be a full-fledged witch, but she was not of the "ordinary sort."

It was in vain that Captain Tom explained that her escape from death was no mystery at all; that having been whisked into the shaft with her umbrella open she would fall lightly enough; that practically she would not fall at all, that while she held on to the umbrella handle she would float slowly to the bottom. Or even admitting that the umbrella collapsed in the descent, it was not to be forgotten that she dropped into ten fathoms of water, which would completely break the fall, and sufficiently explain why she had no broken bones. But Gracey Grig and kindred spirits thought nothing of such explanations. The assumption that the young woman was uncanny seemed to them a much easier way out of the difficulty; and so they clung to this opinion with commendable tenacity, and diligently advocated it whenever opportunity served.

It was somewhat disappointing to them that they saw nothing of the young lady in question for several weeks. As she had received no bodily harm except a few slight scratches, they could not understand why she should keep indoors so long. There was a report in circulation that her "nervous system" had received a great shock, and that some weeks would elapse before it would recover its "normal tone."

But this was altogether beyond the grasp of such intellects as were possessed by Gracey Grig and Mrs. Beswarrick. They knew nothing

about "nervous systems." They knew that people had bodies; they were told in chapel that they had souls; but since the Bible said nothing about "nervous systems," they discarded the idea with lofty scorn.

In Hosea Polwhele's grocery shop one afternoon, Gracey opened her mind freely on the subject.

"There ain't no notis to be taken of nawthin' now-a-days," she said, with great vehemence. "An' doctors be as bad as the parsons, an' wuss. When they don't know, they invent some big an' high-soundin' word, an' try to look wise. I s'pose they take us all for boobas, but we ain't as soft as we look. I stand by the Bible. It says we've got bodies and souls, but it don't say nowhere that we've got any 'nervous system,' an' I'm not goin' to b'lieve in any sich trade. There's somethin' more goin' on at Miss Tabitha's than comes out, that's my opinion."

"Well, anyhow," observed Mrs. Beswarrick, "they do say that a lot ov the Lankishire women be witches."

"My good women," interposed Hosea, "Miss Tabitha ain't the sort of woman to harbour evil things."

"Not unless she be imposed upon," said Gracey; "that's jist the point. The girl have got a purty face, an' winnin' ways they do say."

"And a nervous system," interposed a small boy who was standing by the counter.

"Bah!" said Gracey, with great scorn, "get home to thy mother."

And the boy slunk away without a protest. Meanwhile, Dick Trevanion was the cause of considerable uneasiness to several more or less interested individuals. Peter Buzza was genuinely alarmed at the change that had come over him. Fits of sobriety had been common enough in the past, but, fortunately, from Buzza's standpoint, they had always been short-lived; this time, however, the fit was of alarming duration. Never since the day when he declared he had seen a vision, had a drop of strong drink been known to pass his lips. Even the whisky he ordered ten days later, for some unaccountable reason, he had never drunk; and when he had smashed the glass, he had walked deliberately out of the house, and had never since returned. The whole affair was inexplicable; Buzza pondered over it day after day, and lay in wait for the "Doctor" in all directions, but without success. Trevanion forsook the old road to and from his work, and chose a roundabout and much longer way on the other side of the valley. Whether or no he was afraid of Buzza and the temptation of the Miners' Arms, he did not say; but it was very noticeable that he grew more and more reticent, and showed a decided aversion to company.

Sam Beswarrick—perhaps influenced by his



wife—delivered himself one evening with great unction on the subject.

Buzza had been bewailing, almost with tears in his eyes, the sad decay of Trevanion's love for home-brewed ale, and predicting for the young man an early death unless he mended his ways, when Beswarrick startled the little company by bringing down his fist on the table with a bang, and then saying in a tragic whisper, that "he believed there was a good deal in what the women were a-sayin'."

Instantly the others laid down their glasses and looked at him.

"It ain't no use goin' agin' facts," Sam said with great energy, and he brought his fist down on the table a second time.

"Quite right," the others assented; "quite right."

"But what be the facts?" Sam demanded, with a fierce light in his eyes and a swift glance round the room.

"Ay, that's the point, Sam; what be 'em?"

"Well, I'll tell 'ee;" and Sam dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Well, what?"

"Well, my opinion is the Doctor's bewitched."

Buzza gave a loud grunt. "Sam," he said, "I've great respect for your opinion, but your opinion ain't facts."

"Then I'd like to know what it is," Sam demanded, with a sudden blaze in his eyes.

"Why, it's an opinion, nothin' more nor less. In a court of law it 'ud be worth nothin' at all."

"Look 'ere, landlord," said Sam, with rising temper, "it 'ud pay you to be civil."

"I've no wish to be uncivil," said the landlord mildly, "'specially to a customer an' a gentleman. But I'm interested in the Doctor. An' if he's bewitched, I want to know what grounds you have for thinkin' so."

Sam took a deep draught from the mug in front of him, wiped his mouth with his sleeve, looked severely around him, and proceeded,—

"There's a hup-country young woman in this town (Sam liked to dignify St. Ural by the name of town), as you all know."

"Ay!" was the general answer.

"Well, what I want to know, an' what our wives want to know, an' what we all want to know is:—Who is she, what is she, where did she come from, what is she doin' here, what business had she to be tumblin' down a shaft to be fished out by the Doctor, an' all that kind of thing, that's what I want to know?" and Sam once more brought down his fist on the table with a bang.

Such a string of questions caused the others to sit bold upright and stare at him. It was a style of reasoning that somewhat confused them; for the moment they did not quite see their way through it, or where the point came in.

Sam felt that he had settled the whole question beyond dispute, and glanced triumphantly from one to the other.

But Buzza was not satisfied. "Excuse me, Sam," he said mildly, "but I don't quite see where or how you draw yer inference."

"Draw what?" Sam demanded, staring at him in astonishment.

"Yer inference," the landlord repeated.

Sam raised his mug and emptied it, then wiping his lips with his hand, he said, "Look here, landlord, you're in a mighty crooked temper to-night. I never said I draw'd a h inference; in fact, I'd scorn to do sich a thing. I wonder what you take me for."

"You don't quite understand me, Sam," the landlord began.

But Sam was not to be mollified. "I understand 'e a sight too well," he said, with a scowl. "Drawin' h inferences, eh? Do 'e take me to be a thief? You draw me another pint of ale, that's drawin' enough for you;" and he settled himself back in his chair, and refused to hold any further conversation that evening.

But though Beswarrick refused with so much scorn to draw an inference, his neighbours were not so particular. That a change had come over "the Doctor" was a very evident fact. Whether the change was for the better or the worse depended entirely on the point of view. It was generally conceded also that this change began very soon after Miss Revill's arrival upon the scene. Careful inquiries had elicited one or two important facts. In the first place, the Doctor had been sitting smoking outside the Miners' Arms on her first excursion through the village; that had been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. In the second place, the small boy already referred to had seen her speak to him on the day he smashed his glass of whisky (Mr. Buzza had carefully cross-questioned the boy on this point, and he had never varied from his original statements); and in the third place, a few days later, she had flown down a shaft to him on the wings of an umbrella. And after each of these episodes, he had become more and more unlike his original self. Hence, the inference was palpable enough. This unknown stranger had clearly thrown some kind of spell over him. He had become moody, silent, depressed, and absent-minded. He gave no reasons for, staying away so long from the Miners' Arms, expressed no regrets for the past, or resolves for the future.

Job Minver, after studying these symptoms for two full weeks, came to the conclusion that he was going to be ill; but Job's wife, who had caught the contagion of the St. Ural gossip, was of opinion that Gracey Grig was right. The young man was bewitched.

(To be continued.)



## ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

*Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.*

I AM in receipt of a very amusing letter on life assurance from *T. R.*, who is certainly not quite a young man, for he owns to being sixty-seven. His general argument is that, having himself lived to be sixty-seven, and saved enough money to keep his wife and family in comfort, it would have been extremely foolish for him to have assured his life when he was twenty; and consequently all forms of life-assurance are equally foolish for everybody. He also gives instances of farmer friends of his, who assured their lives at thirty, and lived to be seventy-five, and spent their last days in poverty, which would have been mitigated if they had not had to keep up the assurance premium. Now if this letter proves anything at all, it only proves that farmers have so good a chance of living to old age and making money that as a class they can afford not to assure. But to begin with, we are not all farmers, and cannot live the open-air life that makes for longevity. Again no man, not even a farmer, is sure of living to seventy, and very few nowadays can save much money. Suppose I reasoned in the same way about annuities. I know an old lady who forty-seven years ago bought a Government annuity of £30 per annum for £400, and has thus drawn a sum of over £1,400. She is now over ninety, and if the Government argued on the principle of *T. R.*, they would say that no annuities would be granted henceforth to maiden ladies, because they usually live so long that the Government loses by them. In other words, *T. R.* argues from one or two exceptional instances, and forgets that we are not all farmers, that with some of us the strain and risk of life is heavy, and that the only provision we can make for a wife and family is by assurance. Moreover, the only form of assurance I advocate is what is called an endowment policy, by which the payment of premiums ceases at a given age, and the entire sum paid in is returned, with compound interest at the rate of from 3 to 4 per cent. On this system it pays a man to grow old; and if *T. R.* had taken an endowment policy at thirty, he would now have had a goodly sum paid to him, out of which he might have helped his friends whose poverty so much distresses him.

\* \* \*

*Anxious One* opens up a question of great interest to young men, when he contrasts the relative advantages of town and country. He has left a city to take up work in the country. Not unnaturally he finds the country a little dull, and perceives that promotion is slower there than in

the city, and is therefore not certain whether he ought not to return to the city, and plod steadily for several years, with a view to bettering himself. Now it is clear that I cannot judge for the writer of this letter: all that I can do is to lay down some general principles. First of all comes the question of aptitude and health. Some men never take heartily to a city life, and though they possibly live to be old men, are always in a condition of depressed vitality, with no vivid joy in living. There are thousands of men, by no means sickly, who nevertheless never enjoy rude, vigorous health in a city, and only feel the real bliss of being alive when they breathe the clear air of the country. The principle that should decide such men is, what they expect to get out of life, and how much they are prepared to pay for it. It is a very poor reward to make an extra hundred, or even thousand a year by living in a city, if city life means life-long dyspepsia, nervous irritability, drudgery amid fog and smoke, and all the ills of depressed vitality. You may pay too dear for your money, you may buy success in life at too high a rate. Five extra years of life in the sunshine is worth a good deal more than an additional five hundred pounds a year for a life that is shorter in proportion. The wise man considers these things, and if he finds that for him some communion with nature is vitally necessary, both for the health of body and spirit, he simply betrays himself for a handful of silver when he joins the crowd in the city in the frantic race after what they call success in life.

\* \* \*

The fact is we greatly overrate the good that is to be got out of cities. The general idea is that in a great city we meet with more persons of intellectual tastes than in the country, and any reduction of bodily health is amply compensated by the new stimulus a city gives to our best powers. In the same way we assume that the country is cut off from the main stream of culture, and that to live in a village or small town is to stagnate. Both assumptions are false. So far as culture goes, the citizen is too hard-driven to give much attention to it. It would be interesting to take any district of London, of say two thousand houses inhabited by persons engaged in mercantile pursuits, and ascertain how many of them had a library, or to be more exact, a couple of hundred books, which were evidence of an intellectual life. I should compute not more than five per cent. at the utmost. Any youth who lives in a city, and will



take the trouble to count on his fingers how many persons he knows who take a real interest in the affairs of the mind, will see at once that my computation is likely to be correct. On the other hand the country is no longer out of the main stream of culture, as perhaps it was in the days before the railroad. Magazines, reviews, and papers go everywhere, and the man in a village is as likely to know the nature of the thoughts that are moving men and nations as the man in a city. Indeed he is likelier, for he has more time for reading, and lives a life of more leisure, in which books are likely to play a larger part. As for libraries, there are better libraries in many country towns than in cities; and in how many cities has it been possible to carry out the Free Library Act? Moreover, the smaller the community, the more likely are its members to meet to exchange thoughts, to form friendships, to find intellectual affinities. I have very often found that country people are great readers, and relatively more books are sold in the small towns and villages than in cities, so far as I can judge. No youth need be an ignoramus because he does not tread the muddy pavements of a city; he can live in the country as intellectual a life as he pleases, and with a far better opportunity of making his knowledge thorough.

\* \* \*

But besides all this, there is a really important civic principle involved. All students of social science are agreed that one of the most perilous tendencies of our day is the rush to the cities, and the consequent depletion of the country. The village and the small town are dying out. In many parts of England the land is going out of cultivation at an alarming rate. Landowners cannot find farmers, and farmers cannot find labourers. The yeomanry class has almost entirely disappeared. If a youth has any brightness or intelligence, his parents think it a shame to keep him in a small town, and straightway he is packed off to the city. What is the reason for this depletion of the villages? Simply that men do not care to live a simple life, are not content with modest success, and covet the more exciting life of the city. The same process is going on in America. I remember reading a book when I was in Boston, which stated that many hundreds of farms in New England were totally deserted, and tenants could not be found for them. In the light of these facts it seems to me that it is both a wise and patriotic thing to urge youths not to leave a village or small town for a great city unless there are urgent and unanswerable reasons for doing so. Remember that it is possible to live a life of intellectual aim in the country, that cities are apt to dissipate rather than concentrate mental energy, that beyond all

other things the country life is a free and natural life, which has abundant compensations for those who have any love of nature, and any pleasure in open-air employment. At all events it would be safe counsel to say, Don't leave the country till you are forced to do so. Remember that the more rapid promotion that cities seem to afford does not often happen, and cannot happen to all; and that for any small gain in position which a city may offer, you certainly pay too dear if the price is the lack of the free joy of living, and diminished vigour and vitality.

\* \* \*

Among my letters are two which deserve special note, as dealing with a difficult subject from entirely opposite points of view. *F. W.* blames me for so often alluding to the sin of self-abuse, and is unjust enough to say that it is "my favourite topic." *St. Andrew* writes from an exact knowledge of life, stating that it was through ignorance of common physiological facts that he erred as a boy, that he hears children talking in the streets to-day the same filthy stuff he learned at a public school, and he asks if something cannot be done by parents to teach boys the truth in these matters? First, as regards *F. W.* So far from this being my "favourite topic," it is a topic I detest, and it is only a sense of public duty that has led me to deal with it. It is no pleasure to me, month by month, to wade through a mass of letters full of lamentable and sickening confessions; but if in a magazine conducted for young men no effort is to be made to check the most prevalent sin of youth, where is the subject to be mentioned? Probably *F. W.* does not know how frightfully prevalent this vice is, how easily and early it is acquired, how difficult it is to overcome. I have before me at this moment a statement made by a late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and accepted by a Committee of Public Schoolmasters, to the effect that more than 80 per cent. of the boys in public schools fall into this snare. In a book published by Dr. Dukes, Physician to Rugby College, on "The Preservation of Health" (Rivingtons), the vice is again described as the prevalent vice of youth, for the most part acquired through ignorance, and often lasting a lifetime. Dr. Acton has put the case, for honest dealing with this subject, in its strongest form, when he says that all the patients who have consulted him in reference to the effects of this vice "have lamented that they were not, as children, made aware of its consequences"; and he entreats all parents, guardians, and schoolmasters not to be hindered by any false sense of delicacy from dealing plainly with boys in this matter. That is my case for dealing with the subject. I am perfectly aware of the difficulty of alluding to



it at all in a magazine which is read by all sorts of people, but the risk of silence is far greater than the risk of speech; and it is more than probable that in the very homes where *F. W.* supposes this vice unknown, and the most guarded mention of it an offence against good taste, there are those who are its victims, and who will thank me for warning them of a danger which their parents and guardians ignore.

\* \* \*

In reply, therefore, to *St. Andrew*, I am bound to say that I am in hearty agreement with him. It is the plain duty of parents and guardians to teach children enough of the functions of the body to guard them from the abuse which is bred of ignorance, and there is a period of life when a book on physiology may be as useful as a Bible. These things can be dealt with in such a way as not to offend against the innocence of the child, and the true principle is that which is epigrammatically expressed by Miss Ellice Hopkins, "Better a fence at the top of the precipice than an ambulance at the bottom."

\* \* \*

It is a very easy thing to lose health, but a most difficult thing to regain it. I have sufficient evidence in a correspondence with young men in every part of the globe, that a word spoken plainly in youth would often have saved years of torture, and a lifetime of misery and remorse. The thing to be remembered is, that whether we wish it or not, youths will be naturally curious about themselves, and they will hear of these things: surely it is better and wiser to use a little plain speech at the risk of offence than to be criminally inactive while the devil is busy sowing his tares broadcast. Prevention is better than cure, and I would urge all those who have young lives committed to their care to put aside their scruples, and deal rationally with a vice which is daily working unspeakable mischief in our midst. One of the strongest movements of our time is toward a more practical dealing with all social questions, and the movement is simply a revolt against the policy of reticence and silence, which has cared more for what it has called delicacy and refinement than for truth. That policy is discredited among all sensible men. Limits of good sense and decency we must observe, but the plainest speech is not incompatible with these limits, and will be for the good of both sexes in the long run, since it is by such speech alone that society can learn its perils and work out its deliverance.

\* \* \*

BRIEF ANSWERS.—*J. C. G.* Carlyle invented

many words that are not likely to be found in any dictionary. *Boccaccio*, *Fichte*, *Rousseau*, etc., are names of persons, which must be looked for in a biographical dictionary.—*J. C. M.* The Sermon on the Mount is the ideal of Christian conduct, and certainly some have reached it. *St. Paul* and *John Wesley*, for example.—*W. S. K. (Bayswater)* should write to the University Correspondence College (recently advertised in our columns) for particulars of examinations.—*W. D.* It is almost impossible to learn good French pronunciation without a French teacher. Try to find one, and read with him for two or three hours a week.—*J. D. McCara.* I am afraid I cannot draw up a list of books such as you wish, without fuller information as to how you stand in present knowledge. You had better take the books named in the Reading Circle of *THE YOUNG MAN* for 1893.—*John.* To you, as to others who write on the same subject, I can only repeat that you do not need a doctor. Cold baths, plain food, no suppers, all the exercise you can get in the open air, and perhaps a simple tonic, such as iron and quinine, are what you need to regain vigour.—*C. S.* The man who behaves toward inferiors with contempt is a cad, and nothing shows the true spirit of the gentleman so much as kindly manners.

\* \* \*

*J. S. (Edinburgh)* offers me some excellent criticism, for which I am thankful.—*W. W.* proposes one of the most difficult questions in social ethics. The plain answer is that self-restraint is needed, and that men ought to have enough self-restraint not to impose upon themselves burdens which they have no means to sustain.—*Charcoal.* Write to a good bookseller in Edinburgh. He can guide you.—*A. S. M.* Write to the Civil Service College, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. *W. S.* I should want an entire number of *THE YOUNG MAN* to discuss foreordination, and then should convince no one. Why trouble over metaphysical puzzles when plain duty stands at your elbow?—*E. H.* The books you name are good.—*Πόλεμος.* Vide the reply to John, which applies to you. Have good hope, and fight the battle out to victory. *D. F. (Glasgow).* Think less of the errors of others, and go on doing right yourself; and beware of pharisaism.—*H. M. W.* You will be more cheerful if you try to do good to others, and cease to morbidly inspect yourself.—*P. A. H. (Cleckheaton).* Froude's *History* and Bishop Creighton's *Age of Elizabeth* are the best books; the latter is only 2s. 6d. *J. B. (Newcastle).* The best books on Savonarola are Villari's *Life and Times* and Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence*.—*J. H. (Plaistow).* The book you name is good.—*Aberfeldy.* The question you ask is one of conscience, and you alone can settle it.—*Iora.* The only way to overcome nervousness in public speaking is practice.—*G. J. T. (Vancouver, B.C.)* would do well to begin with the books of the Reading Circle in *THE YOUNG MAN* for 1893, and the study of these will open the way to others.

\* \* \* Will our readers kindly remember that through pressure of other duties Mr. Dawson is unable to answer inquiries through the post?



## THE MICROSCOPE, AND HOW TO USE IT.

By W. H. DALLINGER, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

### II.—WHAT IS THE BEST AND MOST ACCESSIBLE MICROSCOPE FOR THE BEGINNER ?

THE obligation we impose on ourselves in replying to this question may be decidedly more useful than pleasant. But at the outset we disclaim the smallest inclination to conscious bias. We write our convictions without fear after a quarter of a century of close and practical observation; and although we do not affirm that there are no other instruments in the market that may be equally useful for the purposes of our readers, we do affirm that what we indicate below expresses our best and most careful judgment.

Having in the preceding chapter shown what are the chief parts essential to a microscope, what the tyro will need further to know is what microscopes best meet the requirements, and at the same time may be held to be fairly accessible to the means of young men and women who, for physical recreation or wise economy, can purchase a cycle or a sewing machine; and where such an instrument may be obtained.

Fortunately there are no less than three such instruments, by excellent London makers, which have been very recently finished and offered to the public.

The first of these is a remarkable little microscope of admirable workmanship, by Messrs. Swift & Son, of Tottenham Court Road.

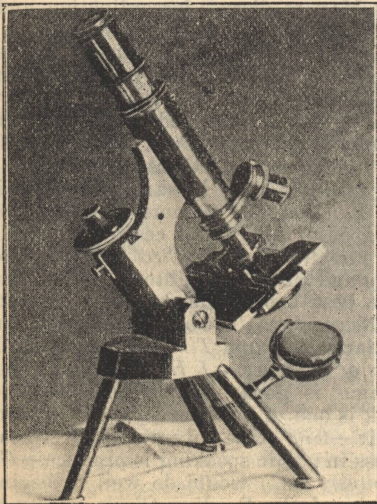


FIG. 18.

In its simplest form it is shown in Fig. 18. It has a firm tripod stand, as shown, of excellent construction; but even this has been splendidly improved by the same firm. They have an appli-

cation for a patent that we believe will be of great use to all small and low-priced instruments. The tripod, although the *best* form for steadiness, has in small instruments the danger—far less than other forms of stand, but still the possibility—of lateral tilt and overturning by a sudden push in a direction at right angles to either *side* of the triangle formed by the tripod. But Messrs. Swift's new device accomplishes what seemed impossible—that is, a four-footed stand, that will become steady instantly on any, even a plainly irregular, surface. But the four feet are arranged in the main in tripod fashion—that is, the two feet at the apex of the original tripod are near each other, so that we have the advantages of the tripod, with the danger of lateral tilt overcome, and instant adjustment to an irregular surface, without the slightest shake, and forming a firm base for the instrument. We learn from the makers that this adjustment of the stand can be applied to any of their instruments for from five to seven shillings and upwards extra.

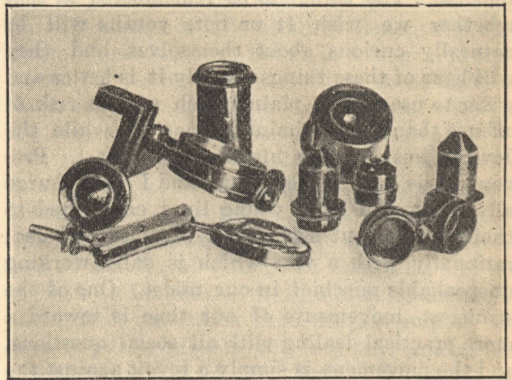


FIG. 19.

The body affords a firm slide for the coarse adjustment in rapid focussing, and the fine adjustment is delicate and steady; and should it get worn, there is a valuable compensating screw arrangement, by which its primitive precision of screw action can be constantly preserved.

The stage is large and "horse-shoe" in form, admitting of a free use of the fingers in focussing; and it has a sliding bar (Sl. Fig. 16), which works with perfect ease.

It has a fixed sub-stage, and a small, most useful *condenser* or sub-stage optical combination for good illumination. All this is so admirably



fitted that the illuminator can be focussed with ease; or the optical combination can be unscrewed from it, and the sliding cylinder used as a *diaphragm*, which (as we shall see shortly) has to be constantly used to cut off excess of light. To effect this the more perfectly, an *iris diaphragm* is inserted of the very best construction, so that whether the optical combination is used or not, the *iris* arrangement can be used by merely turning the nurlled rim of the cylinder.

But beyond this, if the student should afterwards find that a sub-stage with rack and pinion movement, and centering screws (*vide* Fig. 17, S. SR.C), would be an advantage to him in the higher class work he may undertake, it is provided by the makers and kept ready, so that the fixed form has but to be unscrewed, and with the same screws the new one put into its place.

It is provided with one eye-piece and two objectives, being respectively what are known as, 1 inch and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch powers respectively.

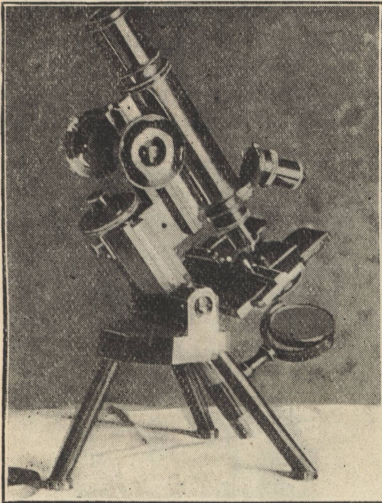


FIG. 20.

Fig. 19 shows the apparatus either going with or arranged for this microscope. In front, on the left, is a "bull's-eye," *i.e.*, a lens used for condensing light on objects or the mirror; this is fitted to an aperture in the arm of the instrument seen in Fig. 18. In front, on the right, is a "double nose-piece." Behind this, on its right and left, are the two objectives, and behind and between these is the cylinder with iris diaphragm for sub-stage illumination; and in front of it, but between the objectives, is the optical combination (the "condenser") which screws into the circle on the drum-like top of the diaphragm cylinder.

The alternative sub-stage, with rack and pinion and centering movements, is seen immediately behind the *bull's-eye*, and adjoining that, but behind it, is the eye-piece.

Now the price of this instrument, in a cabinet,

with the two objectives, one eye-piece, and fixed sub-stage with iris diaphragm, is five guineas. But with two eye-pieces (of different magnifying powers), the double nose-piece and optical condenser, with iris diaphragm, it is seven pounds five shillings.

For a small additional amount the body of the instrument can be worked with rack and pinion, as in Fig. 20 (corresponding to C M in Fig. 17), while the application of the sub-stage, fitted with rack and pinion adjustments and centering screws, is seen in Fig. 21

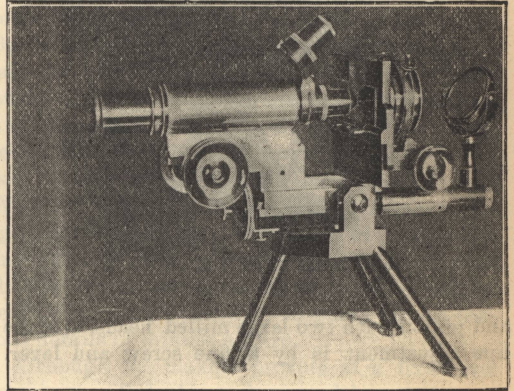


FIG. 21.

That we have here a practical and useful instrument is certain, and the work throughout is of a class worthy of a good English maker.

Another thoroughly good and remarkably low-

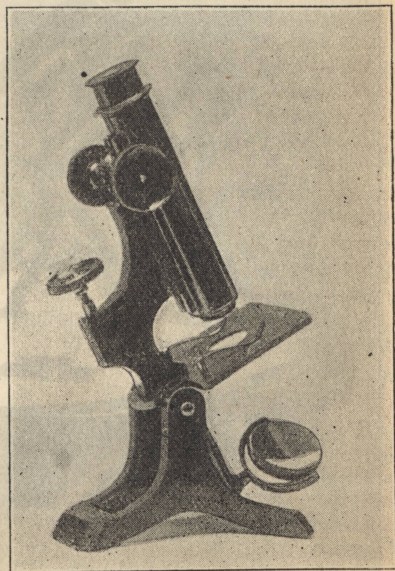


FIG. 22.

priced microscope is made by W. Watson & Sons, of High Holborn. It is presented in two aspects in Figs. 22 and 23. It has not the tripod stand,



but is well balanced on its "claw foot." It, however, works for the coarse adjustment with rack

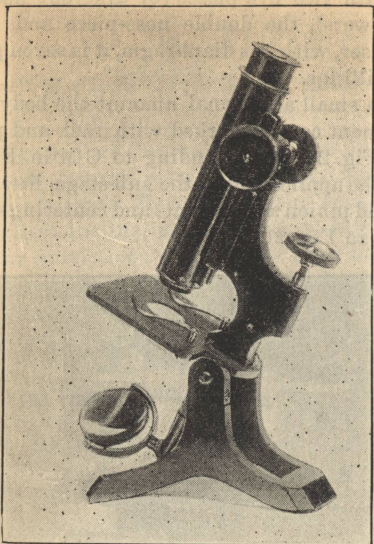


FIG. 23.

and pinion with two large milled heads, and the fine adjustment is by a fine screw and lever.

The stage is large and plain, and at little additional cost can be provided with the very desirable sliding bar.

It has a large double mirror, sliding on a tubular fitting, and has a cylinder beneath the stage for

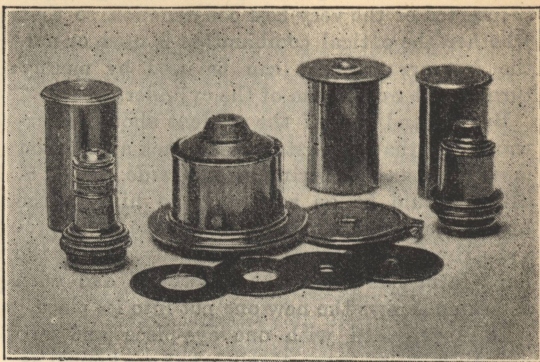


FIG. 24.

carrying the optical condenser, diaphragms, etc. It is provided with a draw-tube for lengthening the distance between the objective and the eye-piece, often desirable, and one eye-piece, and in that condition, packed in a mahogany case, its

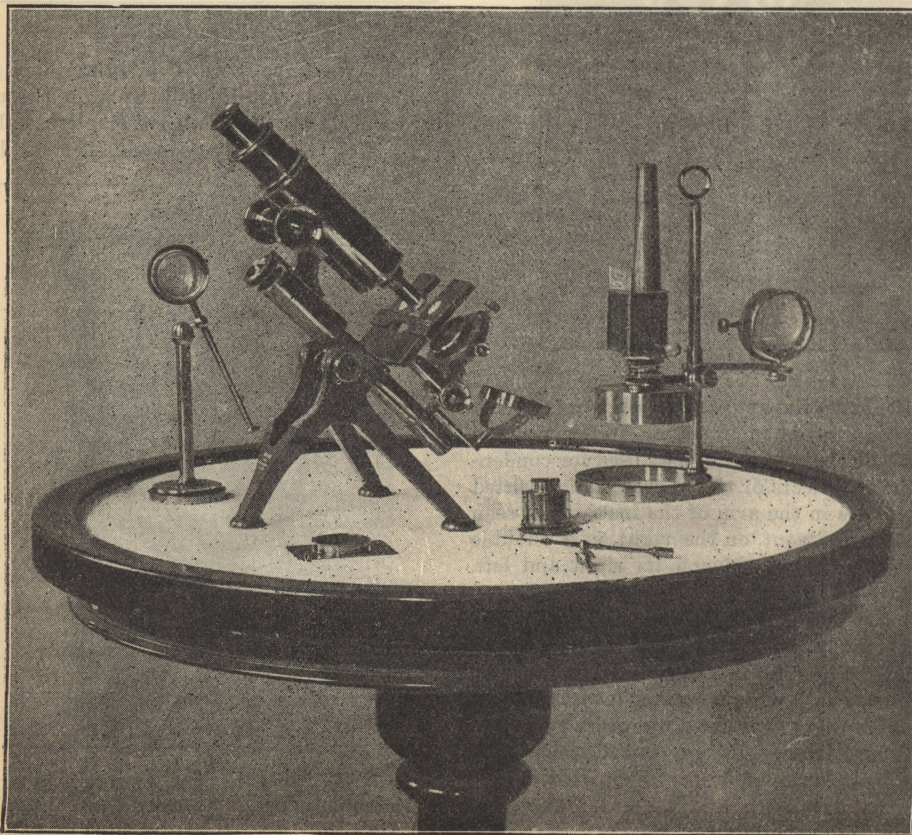


FIG. 25.



total cost is four pounds ten shillings; but fitted with 1 inch and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch objectives, it comes to six pounds five shillings.

At no great addition to this cost it can be provided with a horse-shoe stage (a distinct advantage), also sub-stage, with rack and pinion and centering screws, and with a good optical condenser and iris diaphragm.

These appliances are shown in Fig. 24. The condenser is seen with its set of diaphragms in the front and centre. The objectives are (with their brass cases) to the right and left of the photograph, and the eye-piece is to the left of the right-hand objective.

Here, again, we have tested the workmanship and the quality of the whole apparatus, and do not hesitate to pronounce it good.

But we would yet call attention to another instrument of which we think highly, although its range of price is somewhat higher than either of the instruments described above.

It is made by the long-standing firm of Charles Baker, of Holborn. We present the instrument and the accessory apparatus commonly needed with it, in one illustration, viz. Fig. 25.

It will be seen that the microscope has the ever desirable tripod stand, and it is of the best and lightest form. It has a relatively large body, with sliding draw-tube for eye-piece, and rack and pinion coarse adjustment. The fine adjustment is beautifully sensitive, being actuated by Campbell's differential screw. The stage is large, of horse-shoe form, with accurately made sliding bar. The sub-stage is moved by rack and

pinion, and has centering screws to bring the optical condenser into axial centre with the optical combination in the "body." It has a double mirror, with a jointed arm; and this instrument, thus equipped, is made, fitted in a good cabinet, for eight guineas. On the left of the microscope is a "bull's-eye," and on the right of the instrument is a most useful lamp provided with a bull's-eye for converging light on the mirror or the object. The sub-stage condenser is between the lamp and the microscope, and a "live box" lies immediately in front of the stand.

For details concerning some of the apparatus referred to, our subsequent pages must be studied. But we have done enough to give the reader a fair idea of what he needs in a microscope, and where and at about what cost he may obtain in a reliable manner what he desires. We will not select between the instruments described; we believe that offered by each maker to be good. We have endeavoured incidentally to show the special or distinctive advantage of each form, and we have absolutely no interest in either, save that the reader should obtain what will efficiently serve him in his endeavour to study the marvellous details of minute nature.

Although the makers provide at a fixed cost certain specified object-glasses with each instrument, it is by no means needful to have these. Any other set of powers may replace them; and we would suggest, for the present needs of the reader, a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch, a  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and a  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch. The  $\frac{1}{6}$ th or  $\frac{1}{8}$ th and even  $\frac{1}{12}$ th inch may follow when proficiency is more nearly approximated.

#### THE MORE EXCELLENT THINGS.

To hug the wealth ye cannot use,

And lack the riches all may gain—

O blind and wanting wit to choose,

Who house the chaff and burn the grain!

And still doth life with starry towers

Lure to the bright, divine ascent—

Be yours the things ye would: be ours

The things that are more excellent.

The grace of friendship, mind, and heart,

Linked with their fellow heart and mind;

The gains of science, gifts of art;

The sense of oneness with our kind;

The thirst to know and understand—

A large and liberal discontent;

These are the goods in life's rich hand,

The things that are more excellent.

—WILLIAM WATSON.

THE mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and to light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade; this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that

brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.—DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

We do not shake off our yesterdays and sustain no further relation to them; they follow us, they constitute our life, and they give accent and force and meaning to our present deeds.—DR. JOSEPH PARKER.



## OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

## NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A WELL-KNOWN New York millionaire gave it as his opinion not long since that any young man possessing a good constitution and a fair degree of intelligence might acquire riches. The statement was criticised, and finally adjudged as being wildly extravagant. The figures then came out, gathered by a careful statistician, that of the young men in business in New York City only sixty per cent. were earning £200 per year, twelve per cent. had an income of £400, and only five per cent. commanded salaries in excess of the latter figure. The great majority of young men in New York City—that is, between the ages of twenty-three and thirty—were earning less than thirty dollars per week. On the basis, therefore, that a young man must be established in his life profession by his thirtieth year, it can hardly be said that the average New York young man in business is successful. Of course, this is measured entirely from the standpoint of income. A young man may not, in every case, receive the salary his services merit; but, as a general rule, his income is a pretty accurate indication of his capacities. Now, as every young man naturally desires to make a business success, it is plain from the above statement that something is lacking; either the opportunities, or the capabilities in the young men themselves. According to Mr. Edward W. Bok, the shrewd editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, there exist more opportunities than there are young men capable of embracing them. For the purpose of a magazine article, and in order that he might deal with facts rather than with theories, Mr. Bok made a personal canvass of a dozen of the largest New York houses, in five different commercial and professional lines of business, to see to what extent there existed openings for young men. In only two of the houses approached were the heads of the firm satisfied that the positions of trust in their houses were filled by capable men. "And in both of these instances I was told," says Mr. Bok, "that, 'of course, if the right sort of young man came along, who could tell us something about our business we did not already know, we should not let him slip through our fingers. Positions can always be created.' In the remaining ten cases, one or more opportunities presented itself in each instance; in fact, in four of the houses positions had been open for six months or more, and the sharpest kind of a look-out kept for possible occupants. These positions commanded salaries all the way from £400 to £1,000 per year. In that particular profession, the publishing business, with which I am naturally most conversant, I know, personally, of not less than six positions actually yawning for the men to come and fill them—not clerical positions, but positions of executive authority. Young men are desired in these positions because of their progressive ideas and capacity to endure work; in fact, 'young blood,' as it is called, is preferred in nine positions out of every ten nowadays."

## PRESSMEN PERPETRATE PUNS.

The worn-out clock usually comes to an untimely end.—*Glens Falls Republican*.

You are always sure to find foot notes in a shoe dealer's advertisement.—*Yonker's Statesman*.

A Maine man smoked a cigar won from a slot machine and fell dead. Man-slot-er!—*Philadelphia Record*.

When a good idea strikes a musician, it is only proper that he should make a note of it.—*Buffalo Courier*.

The poet writes of the music of the woodland depths, but he omitted to say that it is the pine tree that gives the pitch.—*Lowell Courier*.

A Chicago man, who had just surrendered his watch to a foot-pad, was moved to remark that he didn't know when he had been so pressed for time.—*Washington Star*.

## PASSING PARAGRAPHS.

Sandow, the strongest man in the world, is to have a gymnasium built for him in New York City by rich men, one of whom is Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

Bliss Carmen, the Canadian poet, is said to look like Bjornson, the novelist. He is over six feet high, broad in proportion, and is a mass of brawn and muscle.

According to Ward McAllister, the leader of the New York social organization known as "The Four Hundred," the reason why American heiresses marry foreigners is, that American youths are too busy to marry them.

Dr. Madison C. Peters, a well-known New York clergyman, has advanced the idea that in the interest of reform there should be organized at once "Old Men's Christian Associations." He thinks the old men need looking after rather more sharply than the young men, and he got this idea by visiting the French ball held in New York.

"The Bachelor's Ready Marriage Club" is an organization now in process of formation in New York. The club is designed for the purpose of providing the necessary cash for any member who desires to be married and is not in funds. Each member pays eight shillings a week into the treasury. If there are fifty members, this means an income of £20 a week. Suppose that at the end of five weeks one of the fifty wants to marry. He draws out £70, and indulges in a bride, furnished flat, and a short honeymoon.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of 28 years. Prof. Schieller, of Harvard, asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain the full measure of their mental faculties before 25 years of age. A shrewd observer has said, "that most men are boys until they are 30, and little boys until they are 25," and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at 30 among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

TONY CRANE.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to Mr. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.  
Telegraphic Address: OPENEYED, LONDON.

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